

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 207.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1831.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

* * A Supplement Sheet of Eight Pages is published with the present Number—GRATIS.

REVIEWS

Rennell's Geography of Western Asia. 2 vols. London, 1831. Rivington & Co.

THE countries that lie between the Euxine and the Indus were the scenes of the most interesting occurrences recorded in ancient history. The first great struggle between barbarous tyranny and civilized liberty begun on the plains of Miletus and terminated on the field of Arbela, is familiar to us from childhood: the names of all the actors are "in our mouths as household words," from the invasion of Lydia by Cyrus, to the overthrow of Darius by Alexander. The retreat of the ten thousand—the triumphs of Agesilaus—the march of the Macedonian conqueror—are so intimately blended with all that interested and excited us in youth, that we turn to them even now with pleasure, and forget, in their contemplation, the excitement and turmoil of modern politics. In a later age, the genius of Gibbon has directed our attention to the attacks made on the frontiers of the Eastern empire by the hardy warriors whom the Romans called barbarians, and has led us, step by step, through Western Asia, until the crescent floated over the Bosphorus, and the dominions of the last Constantine were limited to the city that bore his name.

The routes of commercial caravans between Europe and India become objects of importance to the more diligent students, who love to trace the progress of trade, its changes and its effects; and the moralist who preaches over the ruins of Palmyra, and the almost forgotten glories of Bagdad, finds that Western Asia supplies the most powerful examples of mortal decadence. The "local habitation" of those heroic deeds, strange revolutions, enormous wealth, and utter decay, is precisely the subject in literature on which most ignorance prevails. In truth, to form even a remote idea of the geography of Western Asia, the student had to wade through a large library of ancient and modern travellers, to reconcile whose glaring inconsistencies was a work of intolerable toil. The attempt to supply an accurate work on the subject, argues a degree of patience and courage in an author, sufficiently rare at all times, but in our age quite unparalleled. If ever there was an occasion in which the fostering care of patronage was absolutely requisite, it was in the instance of this undertaking; one that required the incessant labour and undivided attention of years, and one whose almost only remuneration would be the applause of the select few. We record with feelings of pleasure, that the aids necessary for this undertaking were supplied by his late Majesty; and with the warmest sentiments of respect and admiration, that a sum sufficient for the purpose was unconditionally

offered by Mr. John Walker, of Bedford Square.

The ability and diligence displayed in the execution of this Herculean task cannot be too highly lauded. To settle the position of the several Greek colonies in Asia, especially of those whose very ruins have perished, would have been impossible to any one who did not possess Rennell's indomitable energy. The greater part of the ancient writers lay down distances and directions by guess; the moderns scarcely mend the matter, for they distort their observations to support some pre-conceived theory. That all the conclusions and deductions of the learned author are perfectly just, we dare not affirm; but we can safely assert, that he has carefully examined all available evidence, and that his account of Western Asia is by far the most perfect that yet exists in any language. To every diligent student of history, this work is absolutely necessary; for it will furnish him with the most accurate test for measuring the credibility, and the best means of explaining, the difficulties in ancient historians.

Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. By J. S. Memes, LL.D. Author of 'The History of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture,' &c. 1831. Edinburgh, Constable & Co.; London, Hurst, Chance & Co.

THIS is a very delightful volume, compiled with great care and judgment. We recommend all our readers to purchase it at once; but, as all may not choose to attend to our advice, we are bound to reap for them some of the harvest of entertainment with which it is so abundantly rich. Selection, however, is a difficult task. To those intimately acquainted with the thousand and one volumes that, directly and indirectly, touch upon the subject, very few of the anecdotes will be new; but it is an absurd error, into which reviewers are too apt to fall, to suppose that all people are as well conversant with all subjects, as those who have had leisure and opportunity for every sort of strange and desultory reading: there are many, as Wordsworth once said of Southey, whose crops are filled with all strange corn; but there are thousands of excellent people who have had no leisure even to pick up a few grains, and therefore we shall be the less particular in our selections.

It is not, however, too much to assume, that readers generally are so far informed of the early history of Josephine, as to justify us in dismissing it in a very few words. She was the only daughter of respectable parents, and born at Martinique, in 1763; at sixteen, she married the Vicomte Alexander de Beauharnais, and accompanied her husband to France. It was a marriage of affection, but was not altogether a happy one. Beauharnais when condemned to death by the revolutionary

tribunals, wrote a last and affectionate letter to his wife, in which he bears honourable testimony to her generous goodness, and acknowledged with bitter regret his own errors:—

"Having been united to a charming woman, I might have beheld the years passed with her glide away without the slightest cloud, had not wrongs, of which I became sensible only when too late, troubled our union. This reflection wrings tears from me. Thy generous soul pardoned the moment that suffering overtook me; and I ought to recompense thee for such kindness by enjoying, without recalling it to thy remembrance, since I must thus bring back the recollection of my errors and thy sorrows. What thanks do I owe to Providence, who will bless thee!" p. 94.

Josephine suffered, as all suffered, during the fearful reign of Robespierre—she was imprisoned and condemned to death—she was liberated on the famous ninth of Thermidor, but only to misery and privation. She was, indeed, during this period, indebted almost for daily bread to the kindness of friends, whom, in her high fortune, she delighted to honour, by naming them; and there is reason to believe, that her only son, Vicomte Beauharnais, afterwards Viceroy of Italy, and son-in-law to the King of Württemberg, was actually apprenticed to a carpenter; and Josephine, with that simplicity and goodness which essentially marked her character, refers to the miseries of that period, in a letter addressed by her, when Empress of France, to her son, then Viceroy of Italy, soon after his marriage:—

"You, my son, are now exposed to the prestiges of greatness, but where these do not seduce, they cannot corrupt. Surrounded by honours and opulence, you will remember Fontainebleau, where you were poor, an orphan, and friendless; nor will you retrace those scenes, save to reach forth a helping hand to the unfortunate. p. 107.

The letters of this period are to us extremely interesting, and we shall give a few extracts.

Josephine to Madame Fanny de Beauharnais.

"My dear Aunt,—I must relate to you a charming trait of our Eugene. Yesterday, being the 7th Thermidor, the anniversary of a day ever to be deplored, I sent for him, and, showing the engraved portrait of his father, said, 'There, my son, is what will prove equivalent to six months of diligent study and wise conduct. This portrait is for you: carry it to your chamber, and let it often form the object of your contemplations. Above all, let him whose image it presents be your constant model: he was the most amiable and affectionate of men; he would have been the best of fathers.' Eugene spoke not a word: his look was cast down, his countenance suffused, and grief evident in his agitation. On receiving the portrait, he covered it with kisses and tears. Mine also flowed apace, and thus, silently locked in each other's embrace, we offered to the shade of Alexander an acceptable homage. * * *

"Ah! my beloved aunt, could anything com-

fort me for my irreparable loss, would not my children prove my consolation, who, while they make me feel it more acutely, sweeten the pain by so many good and endearing qualities! How much did I regret that my Hortense was absent!—but she is with you. She will read my letter; she will weep with joy in there recognizing her own affections, and will double her delight while she runs to mingle tears with those of her brother, who, I am well assured, will ever bear in mind his father's constancy and courage, and will strive to render himself worthy of the name he bears, by perpetuating the brilliant actions which render the warrior illustrious, and which honour the peaceful citizen. The heart of my Eugene includes all that is good and great.

"You, my aunt, will aid me in the performance of the duty which has devolved upon me; can I, then, doubt the result of my children's education? I should be ungrateful to complain for what has been taken away, while I think of you and of them!" p. 111—13.

The gaiety and spirit of the Frenchwoman breathes out upon occasions:—through the friendship of Barras, she was fortunate enough to obtain restitution of a small part of her husband's property, and, moving again in the circles of fashion, her beauty, grace, and dignity attracted the attention of all. A pleasant letter of this period, addressed to Madame Tallien, shows the playful spirit of the woman:—

"My dear friend,—There is talk of a magnificent *soirée* at Thellusson. I do not ask if you are to be there. The fête would languish without you. I write merely to beg you will wear the peach-blossom dress you like so much, and which I now no longer detest. I purpose sporting a similar one, and as I hold it important that our costumes be exactly matched, you are hereby instructed that I shall wear my hair done up in a red handkerchief, tied à la *Creole*, with three loops on the temples. What is very daring in me, is quite natural for you, who are younger—perhaps not prettier, but incomparably more blooming. You see I render justice to everybody. But it is a *coup de parti*; the object being to reduce to despair the *Three Lap-Dogs* and the *English Brace*.† You comprehend the momentous nature of this conspiracy, the necessity of secrecy, and the prodigious effect of the result. To-morrow I depend upon you." p. 109-10.

It was at this time she first became acquainted with Bonaparte—the General had often seen her, but the following incident gave interest to their casual acquaintance:—

"As military governor of the capital, he had been charged with disarming the citizens. In the way, the sword of the Vicomte de Beauharnais had come into the possession of General Bonaparte. Eugene, whose temperament, though reserved, was highly enthusiastic, and whose reverential admiration of his father's character had already taken deep root in such a disposition, learning this fact, determined on recovering so precious a relic. At this time, though not more than fourteen, he presented himself, both with boldness and address, at the levee of the commander-in-chief, requesting the restoration of his father's sword. The countenance and frank bearing of the boy pleased the young soldier, who immediately, with his own hand, restored the object of filial solicitude. Kissing the sword, Eugene thanked, with a flood of grateful tears, him whom he called his indulgent benefactor; and all this in a manner so simple and touching, that Bonaparte was charmed with his demeanour.

"On the morrow, Madame de Beauharnais called at the hotel of head-quarters of the Inter-

rior, to thank the General for his condescension to her son." p. 115-16.

This interview is related on the authority of Eugene—we wish there was as good authority for the following letter, said to have been addressed at this time by Josephine to a confidential friend. Dr. Memes entertains no doubt of its authenticity—we do—and cannot help it. There is a fore-knowledge of character and circumstances, that would be little less than prophecy, and we have no great faith in modern prophecies—it is, however, sufficiently interesting to deserve insertion here:—

"My Dear Friend,—I am urged to marry again: my friends counsel the measure, my aunt almost lays her injunctions upon me to the same effect, and my children entreat my compliance. Why are you not here to give me your advice in this important conjuncture? * * * You have met General Bonaparte in my house. Well!—he it is who would supply a father's place to the orphans of Alexander de Beauharnais, and a husband's to his widow.

"Do you love him? you will ask. Not exactly. You then dislike him? Not quite so bad; but I find myself in that state of indifference, which is anything but agreeable. * * *

"I admire the General's courage—the extent of his information, for, on all subjects, he talks equally well—and the quickness of his judgment, which enables him to seize the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed; but, I confess it, I shrink from the despotism he seems desirous of exercising over all who approach him. His searching glance has something singular and inexplicable, which imposes even on our Directors: judge if it may not intimidate a woman! Even—what ought to please me—the force of a passion, described with an energy that leaves not a doubt of his sincerity, is precisely the cause which arrests the consent I am often on the point of pronouncing.

"Being now past the heyday of youth, can I hope long to preserve that ardour of attachment which, in the General, resembles a fit of delirium? If, after our union, he should cease to love me, will he not reproach me with what he will have sacrificed for my sake?—will he not regret a more brilliant marriage which he might have contracted? What shall I then reply?—what shall I do? I shall weep. Excellent resource! you will say. Good heavens! I know that all this can serve no end; but it has ever been thus; tears are the only resource left me when this poor heart, so easily chilled, has suffered. * * *

"Barras gives assurance, that if I marry the General, he will so contrive as to have him appointed to the command of the army of Italy. Yesterday, Bonaparte speaking of this favour, which already excites murmuring among his fellow soldiers, though it be as yet only a promise, said to me, 'Think they then I have need of their protection to arrive at power? Egregious mistake! They will all be but too happy one day, should I condescend to grant them mine. My sword is by side, and with it I will go far.'

"What say you to this security of success? is it not a proof of confidence springing from an excess of vanity? A general of brigade protect the heads of government! that, truly, is an event highly probable! I know not how it is, but sometimes this waywardness gains upon me to such a degree, that almost I believe possible whatever this singular man may take it in his head to attempt; and, with his imagination, who can calculate what he will not undertake?" 116.

Not long after, she was married to Bonaparte—in twelve days he set off as Commander-in-Chief for Italy—his first glorious campaign followed—and at the end of twelve

months she joined him at Milan; and he had already enrolled his name among the proudest of military heroes. The fortune of Josephine was now linked to the chariot-wheels of Bonaparte—and it is known to all Europe—it is only therefore, for her private life, that the Memoirs have any interest. During the long and repeated absence of her husband, she appears to have passed her time in superintending the improvement of Malmaison. Her conduct at this period has been censured; but Dr. Memes seems to consider the reports as the mere scandal of the coteries and the factions; and indeed the letters here given are evidence of so much good feeling, and such domestic habits, as are hardly reconcilable with vice. We must give extracts from a few:—

Madame Bonaparte, to her Aunt.

"Are you happy? Such, my dear aunt, is the question which you put to me, and to which more than one answer may be given. Yes, I am happy, both as a mother and as a wife. Were there ever children more amiable, more beloved, or more deserving of affection? Is there a husband who can confer higher respect on her whom he honours with his name? Yet it is he—it is that adored husband who constitutes at once my glory and my misery. Ah! how many sleepless nights do his victories cost me! Probably he would be less ambitious of laurels did he behold each leaf of his bedewed with my tears. But what do I say? The wife of a Frenchman, ought I not also to bear a French heart? Before I was a wife—before I was a mother, I was a citizen; and did not Alexander teach me to prefer that to every other title? His worthy successor, who possesses all my love, is likewise the heir of his sentiments; let me, by participating in the same, merit the *honoured title* of the widow of De Beauharnais, and the *honourable title* of the wife of Bonaparte. What an illustrious association of glory! How noble a communion of fame! May the happiness which fled from the one ever attend upon the other." p. 153.

Madame Bonaparte, to Eugene.

"I learn, with the greatest pleasure, my dear Eugene, that you have held a line of conduct worthy of your own name, and of the protector under whose eye you enjoy the happiness of learning how to become a great captain.

"Bonaparte writes me that you are everything that he desires. As he is no flatterer, my heart experiences great joy when I read your praises traced by a pen which, in general, is not prodigal of eulogy. You know I have ever considered yours as a soul capable of great enterprises, and I have never doubted of that brilliant courage, which is your heritage: but you know, also, how much I ever dreaded seeing you removed from me, fearing, as I did, lest your natural impetuosity should sometimes carry you too far, and prevent your submitting to the thousand petty obligations of discipline, so disagreeable to one in a subaltern rank. Judge, then, of my satisfaction on receiving the assurance that you have remembered my advice, and are as submissive to your superiors, as you are kind and humane to those under your command. This conduct, my son, *renders me happy*. These words will, I know, be esteemed by you a more precious recompense than every other reward. Read them often, then, and assure yourself that your mother, though distant from the son of her love, complains not of her lot, since yours promises to be brilliant as it deserves.

"Your sister participates in all these my feelings; she is now writing, and will tell you so herself; but what she will not boast of, and which I must therefore state, is her attention to me and our aunt. It is impossible to give you an idea even of her amiableness in this respect,

† Noms-de-guerre—nicknames—for certain reigning toasts.

nor of half her affectionate contrivances to beguile us of our anxieties. Love her, my son, for she forms my consolation, and is devoted to you. She continues her studies with great success; but music, I am inclined to believe, will prove the accomplishment in which she is destined to excel. Her agreeable voice, now much improved, and the style of her execution, will greatly surprise you. I have just purchased for her a piano, the excellence of which seems to have redoubled her passion for your favourite art,—a preference probably not a little contributing to your sister's predilection. * * *

"Our society is always agreeable, from a mixture of distinguished artists and men of letters, who meet our grave politicians. The latter would prove great bores, were they not thus obliged to talk of something else than politics,—a subject not very interesting to the ladies, who comprehend nothing about the matter. Only let France be happy—this is all we wish, without giving ourselves the trouble to inquire by what means such happiness is to be secured. That care belongs to the magistrates who govern, and the brave men who defend the country; ours is only, or ought to be, the delightful task to encourage them, by approval, to perseverance; a duty, I assure you, which we discharge with all faithfulness. * * *

"Adieu, my dear son. I know it is very useless to repeat here, that my affection passes all bounds; for of that you are convinced; but I find so much pleasure in *proving* upon the subject, that you must even bear with me. Besides, I am not afraid of tiring you with those family details, which would appear trifling to most men, surrounded as you are by objects so interesting and important. I know you love your relations even more than renown; and therefore I prattle away of our affairs at great length. So, my beloved Eugene, accept a thousand renewed assurances of your mother's attachment; and allow her to give you in fancy, all those marks of endearment, which she would much rather lavish upon you in reality.

"Write me as often as you possibly can. Even that will not be enough. * * *

"Note for Hortense at Fontainebleau.

"My dearest Girl.—There grows in the forest of Fontainebleau, a plant of the genus *Chenopodium*, named *Bête effilée*, and is the *spinage-strauberry* of gardeners. You will easily distinguish it by the peculiarity of bearing fruit shaped and coloured exactly like strawberries. As it is a deep-rooted plant, and does not agree with transplanting, you will take care to have it dug up with a large portion of the surrounding turf, and packed in a quantity of the light earth in which it grows. The whole to be sent forward in good condition, by Goodman Phedart's cart, who returns here by easy journeys. My gardener, Spire, tells me, that he has transplanted the *Bête* into a richer soil, and by cultivation, transformed the plant into a real strawberry. I believe not a word of this; but, as it costs next to nothing, there is no harm in trying the experiment." p. 153—157.

These are very delightful letters, because they are full of affection, and show the woman in all the simplicity of her taste and feelings. The little note about the wild strawberry, lets us at once into the virtuous enjoyments of domestic life. But it is not to be denied, that reports reached both husband and wife, in their wide separation, that gave them mutual uneasiness; it has been said, indeed, by a late memoir-writer, that Josephine proceeded so far as to determine on a divorce; but, however this may have been, the moment that the telegraph announced "Bonaparte has arrived at Frejus," she started at once, accompanied only

by her daughter, to meet him. Bonaparte, it appeared, travelled by another route, and their first meeting was on her return to Paris. The General's mind had been poisoned with reports—the meeting was full of upbraiding—but the explanations were satisfactory; and not a suspicion ever after crossed her husband's mind, to shake his confidence and happiness.

Of the amiable and unsophisticated feelings of the residents at Malmaison, we have some curious illustrative particulars—there is, indeed, one scene in which the family of the First Consul, the hero of Marengo, rival, in light-hearted joyousness, the farm-revelers in the ewe-bught, so delightfully sketched by Hogg, in a former *Athenæum*!—

"The domestic felicity of the First Consul when at Malmaison seemed to be complete. He had around him only attached relatives or the most devoted servants, and his amusements were of the simplest kind. Bourrienne has described their family theatricals. * * * Another amusement may be described as still more peculiarly characteristic. This was the game of 'prisoners,' so well known among schoolboys, when two parties ran against each other, seizing as captives such of their unfortunate opponents as happen to be caught within certain limits round the respective stations. The members of the ordinary circle at Malmaison were all young, active, and every one inclined to enjoy life *sans façon*, while their chief probably delighted in a sport which in some measure brought back an image of the grand game of war. Usually after dinner the party was arranged. Bonaparte and Josephine, Eugene, Hortense, Caroline Bonaparte, Rapp, Lauriston, Duroc, Isabey, with Bourrienne, and a few other confidential retainers, divided into two camps, as they were termed; and, when nothing pressed, the sport often continued for hours. The best runners were Eugene and his sister; but Bonaparte, in the selection of partisans, always chose Josephine, never suffering her to be in any camp but his own. When by chance she happened to be taken prisoner, he always seemed uneasy till she was released, making all exertions for that purpose, though a bad runner himself, often coming down in mid career with a heavy fall on the grass. Up again, however, he started, but usually so convulsed with laughter, that he could not possibly move, and the affair generally ended in his captivity. When placed in durance, or when Josephine had been taken, he kept constantly calling out to his party, 'A rescue! a rescue!' clapping his hands, shouting to encourage the runners, and, in short, exhibiting all the ardour of a boy at play." p. 189—91.

One of the first acts of Bonaparte's legislative power, was the recall of the emigrants—but there were many excepted. To gain permission for the return of these, Josephine was constantly employed, and was generally successful: her husband reports of her, that "she would not take a refusal."

At this time, and on the celebration of the first era of the republic, a young man, the nephew of the Marquis Decrest, was killed by a misdirected rocket:—

"His father, inconsolable for the death of an only son, who, to add to his grief, had been on the eve of marriage with the daughter of an ancient friend, remained in a state of the most gloomy despair, regardless of everything. On the morrow after the fatal catastrophe, Madame Montesson, the widow of the Duke d'Orleans, father of his present majesty, Louis-Philippe, and grand-aunt of the young man who had been killed, sent for her disconsolate relatives to her

house. The elder Decrest shewed himself alike insensible to everything,—her tears, admonitions, and caresses, were suffered without notice and without return. During this interview, when all feared for the reason or the life of the unhappy parent, Madame Bonaparte entered. She had been informed of the accident, and at a glance discovered the melancholy state of things. Without uttering a word, where she perceived ordinary consolation to be useless, Josephine took the eldest daughter by the hand, raised the youngest, a child of fifteen months, in her arms, and knelt thus before the despairing mourner. At first he seemed surprised, then moved, and finally burst into tears, saw he was yet a father, and blessed alternately his children and his preserver." p. 192-3.

This may be a little theatrical, but sympathy with suffering is always amiable, and that which touches the dead heart, and wins back sorrow to new life and duty, is not to be idly censured, though the remedy may not be according to the received practice in England.

It was shortly after this, that Bonaparte, by a miracle, escaped with life the explosion of the *infernal machine*, by which, however, some of his suite were hurt, twenty innocent persons killed, and one or two houses destroyed. The particulars are well known. The conduct of Josephine was truly admirable. The atrocious conduct of conspirators, admitted of no womanly entreaties for them. When Bonaparte said that his wife would take no denial in her merciful solicitations, he added, "but it must be confessed, she rarely undertakes a case which has not propriety at least on its side." Here there could be no propriety—it was an act that outraged humanity—yet her heart could not but think of the sufferers; and though she dare not solicit the First Consul, she privately addressed his minister. She could not ask for forgiveness of those found guilty, but she suggested, with a delicate forthrightness, truly womanly, that "inquiries need not be pushed too far." It is a letter that does equal honour to her head and heart:—

"CITIZEN MINISTER,—While I yet tremble at the frightful event which has just occurred, I am disquieted and distressed, through fear of the punishment necessarily to be inflicted on the guilty, who belong, it is said, to families with whom I once lived in habits of intercourse. I shall be solicited by mothers, sisters, and disconsolate wives; and my heart will be broken, through my inability to obtain all the mercy for which I would plead.

"I know that the clemency of the First Consul is great, his attachment to me extreme; but the crime is too dreadful that terrible examples should not be necessary. The chief of the government has not been alone exposed; and it is that which will render him severe—inflexible. I conjure you, therefore, citizen minister, to do all that lies in your power to prevent inquiries being pushed too far. Do not detect all those persons who may have been accomplices in these odious transactions. Let not France, so long overwhelmed in consternation by public executions, groan anew beneath such inflictions. It is ever better to endeavour to soothe the public mind, than to exasperate men by fresh terrors. In short, when the ringleaders in this abominable attempt shall have been secured, let severity give place to pity for inferior agents, seduced, as they may have been, by dangerous falsehoods, or exaggerated opinions. * * *

"Having myself narrowly escaped perishing in the Revolution, you must regard as quite natural my interference in behalf of those who can be saved, without involving in new danger

the life of my husband, precious to me and to France. On this account, do, I entreat you, make a wide distinction between the authors of the crime, and those who, through weakness or fear, have consented to take a part therein. As a woman, a wife, and a mother, I must feel the heart-rendings of those that will apply to me. Act, citizen minister, in such a manner, that the number of these may be lessened. This will spare me much grief. Never will I turn away from the supplications of misfortune; but in the present instance, you can do infinitely more than I, and will, on this account, excuse my importunity. Rely on my gratitude and esteem." p. 195-6.

With this we must conclude for the present. We have confined ourselves as much as possible to what related personally to Josephine, of whom no professed biography has been before written, though all that is here collected is gleaned from incidental notices scattered over the Memoirs that relate to her husband. We have sketched her early life, her early fortune and misfortunes—and again, her sudden and singular rise to the highest state and dignity; and we think our readers will agree with us, that few have borne misfortunes with a better grace, or proud good fortune in an humbler or better spirit.

Edwin; or, Northumbria's Royal Fugitive restored. A Metrical Tale of Saxon Times. By James Everett. London, 1831. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

SHADE of Charles Wesley! on whom hast thou descended? Even on James Everett: if not, why not? Let us examine. A poem in nineteen cantos! Yes. And this also is a sign of the times. Into the convective itself, mind—even the elegancies and refinements of mind, are forcing their irresistible way; to the offence, we doubt not, of sundry white-upturned eyes, but not exactly those of the seraphim.

The subject of this poem is no less than the establishment of Christianity in England; it is one on which the highest poetical powers ever possessed by man might be worthily employed. We cannot, then, say that the powers of the author are equal to his subject. But his book contains many sweet descriptive passages; and it indicates in the author energies allied to genius—if genius be, as we believe it is, strong feeling, and judgment, or that most uncommon of all things, EARNEST common sense; shall we say, impassioned wisdom? The action is neither long, nor complicated, the history of the hero being introduced episodically, and, we think, with skill. We select the following passages, promising, that no extracts, how good soever, can convey any other than a most inadequate idea of the merits of a well-executed narrative. The first refers to one of the primitive christian places of worship:—

Lowly, unassuming shed,
Wrought with osiers, peeled and white;
Thatch and moss thy roof o'erspread,
Modest, lovely to the sight!

Daily in that house of prayer,
Matins, vespers, ever sweet,
Flow from worshippers, while there
Bending, at the Saviour's feet.

To the sun's reflected beam,
Like a mirror in the light,
Near it glides a limpid stream,
Sparkling to the gazer's sight.

On it flows—it knows no rest;
Clouds and beams, in sportive train,
Course across its peaceful breast,
As it hastes to the main.

Pure as Charity, and free,
Noiseless are its blessings strewed,
Freshening every flower and tree,
Waving on its banks renewed.
So let peace this breast pervade,
Love, its ceaseless streams afford,
Till the wilderness is made
Like the garden of the Lord.

The second is a description of morning, and partakes of the spirit and colouring of the old school.

Morning dawn'd upon the glade,
Wide the forests spread around,
Dew-drops, every branch display'd,
Glittering moisture gemm'd the ground.
Clouds that slept the lonely night,
In the bosom of the vale,
Rose to meet the morning light,
Spread their beauty, like a sail;—
Spread it to the early breeze,
Purple in the light of morn,
Skimming o'er the statelier trees,
Then along the uplands borne.
Daylight saw the mists retire,
Every night-bird's note had ceased;
Soon a line of liquid fire
Edged the boundaries of the east.
Forth with hinds the fawns were seen,
From the fern's thick covert led,
Thence to crop the ivy green,
Where the broader openings spread.
There the stately hart appeared
Heading on the antler'd throng,
Nature by the sun was cheer'd,
Birds were bursting into song.

We notice this publication for two reasons; it performs less than the talents of the author appear to promise, and, we think its appearance is symptomatic of the state of the national pulse. The style reminds us of that of Edda; it is terse, often to a fault. It is also occasionally obscure from this cause. If the author should re-perpetrate poetry—and it is our wish he may—we trust he will adopt a measure which will leave him more at large, and allow him to give a finish to his sentences. Good thoughts, such as his are, are worth expressing clearly and fully. There is always something faulty in that conciseness, which leaves an author's meaning doubtful. It is not like wearing half a suit of clothes; it is concealment, not revelation. This is the first long poem by a Wesleyan that has come under our notice. We hope it will not be the last. Moravianism aided Methodism in the outset; and, as though destined to lead in song as well as in religion, the Wesleyan bard adopts the stanza of the Moravian in his 'Wanderer of Switzerland.'

Memoirs of the Late War: comprising the Personal Narrative of Captain Cooke, of the 43rd Regiment Light Infantry; the History of the Campaign of 1809 in Portugal, by the Earl of Munster; and a Narrative of the Campaign of 1814 in Holland, by Lieut. T. W. D. Moodie, H.P. 21st Fusiliers. 2 vols. post 8vo.

[Second Notice.]

Or Captain Cooke's Personal Narrative we have now to speak, and we wish some judicious friend had hinted to him that it should not have begun before the busy scenes of the Peninsular campaign. From thence it is readable enough, although it would have been more pleasant if the Captain had not a taste for describing the dreadful details of battle slaughterings, and were not so minute in his accounts of bullet-wounds and sabreings. These are in exceeding bad taste, and the more to be regretted, as parts of the work have a good deal of life and spirit about them. The fol-

lowing is a clever sketch of his first joining the army in the Peninsula, having lately arrived from England.

"On the 20th of July we descended into the valley, and, at the edge of a wood, awaited the coming of the division, from an advanced camp on their way to Castello de Vida. Every eye was on the stretch, and in the distance we descried a cloud of dust rolling towards us, the bright sparkling rays of the sun-beams playing on the soldiers' breast-plates, when suddenly the leading regiment of the light division burst forth; their bronzed countenances and light knapsacks, and their order of march, all united to inspire a conviction that their early discipline had not only been maintained amidst privations, battles and camps, but had become matured by experience. They had traversed mountains, and forded rivers; the grim and icy hand of death had grasped many in the unhealthy marshes of the Alentejo, and with sure effect had scattered balls amidst their ranks without distinction: yet the remainder of these veterans were still bent onwards, to gather fresh laurels in the rugged and uncertain paths of fortune. Seven regiments of light infantry and riflemen defiled before us with their thread-bare jackets, their brawny necks loosened from their stocks, their wide and patched trowsers of various colours, and brown-barrelled arms slung over their shoulders, or carelessly held in their hands, whilst a joyous buzz ran through the cross-belted ranks, as their soldier-like faces glanced towards us to greet many of their old comrades now about to join in their arduous toils after a long separation. A cloud of dust alone marked their further progress as they receded from our view. Following in succession, we brought up the rear. At the expiration of an hour's march, we entered a wood, formed column, called the roll, and the whole division was then dismissed. The assembled multitude of voices, the tearing and cutting down of branches of trees, crackling of fires, rattling of canteens, shooting of bullocks through the head, and the hurrying of parties of soldiers for rum and biscuit for rations, the neighing of horses, braying asses and rampant mules, all resounded throughout the forest, giving new life and merry echoes to its most intimate recesses. Groups of officers stood in circles; every countenance seemed decked in smiles, and a hearty welcome greeted us from all hands.

"Under the wide-spreading branches of a venerable cork-tree, decorated with pack-saddles, accoutrements, and other military trappings, dinner was served up and laid out on a pair of hamper, which served us instead of a table. Beef, biscuit, tea, rum, and wine, composed our fare, it being a usual custom to join breakfast and dinner, so as to make one meal serve for the twenty-four hours, the troops merely halting to cook and refresh themselves during the heat of the day. A more happy meal, I can safely say, I never partook of; and with infinite admiration did I regard the purple jackets and battered epaulettes of my companions. Our small keg of wine being emptied, the word passed to pack up and accoutre; and, in an incredibly short space of time, the column re-formed. The 'assembly' sounded (the signal of march) three, from the right of companies, the bands struck up, and at the end of two hours' march, and towards night-fall, we entered another wood. The same ceremony gone through as already described, the blankets were spread out, the earth our bed, knapsacks our pillows, and the overhanging trees our canopy; the busy hum of life no longer vibrated through the bivouac, and thousands of soldiers slumbered and reposed their weary limbs, lying scattered throughout the forest, or around the dying embers of expiring fires. My companions insisted on stretching themselves on each side of me,

protesting that they ought to do thus, as a protection against cold for the first two or three nights, since a very heavy dew fell, so as almost to wet through the blankets, notwithstanding the great heat of the weather by day." i. 75-7.

The following scene is described with great power, but somewhat too much of that disgusting minuteness to which we have objected.

A Military Hospital.

"The heat of the weather was almost past endurance. On our arrival at Celorico, with an empty room for my quarter and the floor for my resting-place, I remained sixty days nearly immovable, my only covering a filthy blanket, which had been stained all over from my mule's sore back. On the journey it had been placed under the animal's pack-saddle to save its back, by day, while in turn I had the benefit of it as a covering by night. In this miserable plight, what with bleeding and blistering, and long confinement, I had become a perfect skeleton, and reduced to the most wretched condition. * * *

"The staff doctors held out every inducement to persuade me to go to England, by first offering a spring waggon to convey me to Lisbon. My suffering had been great, my arms hung nearly useless by my side, my legs refused their office: yet I still cherished the hope, that they would again carry me forward. * * * More bleeding and blistering were therefore resorted to, by which means, added to a good constitution, at the expiration of another month I was enabled with the assistance of crutches to reach my window, the trellis-work of which being thrown open offered me ineffable delight at once more enjoying the sight of a few living objects in the street.

"The rain now fell in torrents for days together, and thousands of British and Portuguese soldiers (now crowding the churches which had been converted into hospitals) were dying by hundreds, of fever produced by the sickly season. The excruciating torments, suffering and privations of the common soldiers were such, that an adequate description is impossible,—many of them lingering in raging fevers, stretched out on the pavement, the straw that had been placed for their comfort, having worked from under them during their agonies, while hundreds of flies settled on and blackened their dying faces: and so stationary did these tormentors become, that those who still maintained sufficient power were obliged to tear them from off their faces, and squeeze them to death in their hands. Cars piled up, and loaded with the remains of these unfortunate victims to disease, daily passed through the streets for the purpose of pitching their bodies into some hole by way of interment. The medical officers were overpowered by the numbers of sick, and also fell ill themselves, so that it was a total impossibility, notwithstanding their strenuous efforts, to surmount all difficulties, and to pay that attention to all that could have been wished. The very hospital orderlies were exhausted by attending, burying, and clearing away the dead. These scenes of misery cannot be fancied: the sick pouring into the town, lining the streets, and filling every house, set at nought all theoretical conception." i. 102-105.

Another clever sketch is—

The Skirmish.

"The tea service being laid out, and a stubble fire kindled, to warm the bottom of the kettle, we suddenly espied some squadrons of French heavy dragoons in a valley to our right, pushing for the main road at full trot. An absurd and ludicrous scene now took place. The crockery was thrown into the hampers; also the kettle, half filled with hot water; another officer, who had come to *déjeuner* with us, from the rear, all the while vociferating, 'God bless me! you

will not desert my mule and hampers; they are worth four hundred dollars.' In fact, to get off seemed impossible; the company, however, formed column of sections, and fixed bayonets, fully determined to cover the old mule, who went off with a rare clatter, and we after him, in double quick time. The enemy were now within two hundred yards of us, brandishing their swords, and calling out, when they suddenly drew up on seeing some of our cavalry hovering on their right flank. A rivulet, with steep banks, ran parallel with the road; but we soon found a ford, where we drew up, intending to dispute the passage. The right brigade of our division had moved forward, and had deployed to the succour of our dragoons first engaged, about half a mile to our right. Soon after this, two squadrons of our light dragoons formed on a rising ground, two hundred yards from us, with two pieces of horse artillery on their right, when about an equal number of French heavy cavalry, handsomely dressed, with large fur caps, made rapidly towards them, our guns throwing round shot at them during their advance. When they had arrived within one hundred yards of our squadrons, they drew up to get wind, our dragoons remaining stationary.

"A French officer, the chef d'escadron, advanced and invited our people to charge, to beguile a few moments, while his squadrons obtained a little breathing time. He then held his sword on high, crying aloud, "*Vive l'Empereur! en avant, Français!*" and rushed on single-handed, followed by his men, and overthrowing our light dragoons. The guns had fortunately limbered up, and the horse artillery fought round them with great spirit, the enemy trying to cut the traces, while the poor drivers held down their heads, sticking their spurs into the horses' sides with all their might, and passed the ford under cover of our picquet. The Earl of Wellington was in the thick of it, and only escaped with difficulty. He also crossed the ford, with his straight sword drawn, at full speed, and smiling. I did not see his lordship when the charge first took place, but he had a most narrow escape: and, when he passed us, he had not any of his staff near him, and was quite alone, with a ravine in his rear." i. 171-173.

We have often heard our military friends describe the positions of the armies in the Pyrenees, the French on one side a ravine, the English on the other, the French sentinels at one end of a town, the English at the other, and the inhabitants pursuing their ordinary occupations, as something strange—and Captain Cooke has very happily hit off the same.

"One evening, while reclining on the parched and sun-burnt turf at the tent door, our milch goat nibbling particles of hard biscuit out of my hand, on looking around, I was much struck with the beauty of the scenery; the azure sky was reddened and glowing with a variety of brilliant tints, reflected from the glare of the setting sun, whose bright rays gilded the rugged peaks of the towering and great bulging mountains which everywhere inclosed us. A long line of grey-coated French sentinels lined the opposite ridge, and one of their bands was playing a lively French air. In the valley below us, the little active Basque boys and girls were pelting each other with apples, between the hostile armies, while the straggling and half-starved Spanish soldiers, (who dared not pluck the fruit) pretending to enjoy the sport, but in reality were picking up the apples, and carefully depositing them in their small forage bags. In the background sat our tanned and veteran batman, employed in mending a pack-saddle, after a long day's forage, and casting an eye of affection towards his animals, which were tied round a stake, feeding, with ears turned back, on some

fresh heads of Indian corn. In the meanwhile my messmate was conversing with, and drawing a caricature of, a dowdy woman, (from the Asturias,) loaded with an oblong basket of fresh butter, with her arms akimbo, and her nut-brown knuckles resting on hips which supported no less than four short coarse woollen petticoats; from underneath these branched out a pair of straddling legs, of enormous circumference, the feet being wrapped in brown hairy skins, by way of sandals." i. 294-297.

In making our extracts from the work, we have gradually softened into good-humour with the Captain; and, if he would only omit so much of the narrative as precedes the actual campaign, and soften down some of the painful details, we should be very willing to recommend his book as light, pleasant reading. We shall conclude with a few

Anecdotes.

"Just before we reached the mouth of this contracted defile, a buzz from the head of the column proclaimed the enemy's infantry to be at hand, and the musketry had no sooner commenced, than an officer, who had been amusing himself by the perusal of a volume of *Gil Blas*, hastily placed it under the breast of his grey pelisse: almost at the same instant a musket ball buried itself in the middle of the book, and displaced him from his horse, without inflicting any further injury; it is a curious fact, that the exact pattern of the silk braiding of the pelisse was indented in the leaden bullet." i. 289-90.

"It was here I saw the remarkable death of one of the rifle corps, who had killed a French soldier, and who, before he had taken his rifle from the level, received a ball through his body, which caused him such excruciating agony, that his face was all at once distorted, his eyes rolled, and his lips, blackened with the biting of cartridges, convulsively opened. His teeth were tightly clenched; his arms and legs were thrown into an extended position, and he held out his rifle, grasped at arm's length, and remained stationary in this extraordinary attitude for a few moments, until he dropped down dead, as suddenly as if struck by a flash of lightning." ii. 27.

"Various acts of complaisance now passed between the vanguards of the hostile armies. A lady from Bayonne, with a skipping poodle dog, one day came to see *les habits rouges de les Anglais*; and while she was going through those little elegancies, so peculiarly characteristic of the French, the poodle dog came towards us, and from an over-officiousness, some of the French soldiers whistled to keep it within bounds, which so frightened the little creature, that at full speed it entered our lines, and crouched at our feet. Without a moment's delay we sent it back by a soldier to its anxious mistress, who was highly delighted, and with her own delicate hand presented a goblet of wine to the man, who, with an unceremonious nod, quaffed the delicious beverage to the dregs, touched his cap, and rejoined us, with a pipe in his mouth and a store of tobacco,—the latter having been presented to him by the French soldiers." ii. 72-3.

Lieut. Moodie's narrative is the least important in the volume, though not the worst written—indeed, the retreat from Bergen-op-Zoom is very powerfully described:—

"Our gallant commander, seeing the inutility of continuing the unequal contest, gave the order to retreat. We had retired in good order about three hundred yards, when poor Guthrie received a wound in the head, which I have since been informed deprived him of his sight. The enemy, when they saw us retreating, hung upon our rear, keeping up a sharp fire all the time, but they still seemed to have some respect

for us from the trouble we had already given them. We had indulged the hope, that by continuing our course along the ramparts, we should be able to effect our retreat by the Waterport-gate, not being aware that we should be intercepted by the mouth of the harbour. We were already at the very margin before we discovered our mistake and completely hemmed in by the French. We had therefore no alternative left to us but to surrender ourselves prisoners of war, or to attempt to effect our escape across the harbour, by means of the floating pieces of ice with which the water was covered. Not one of us seemed to entertain the idea of surrender, however, and in the despair which had now taken possession of every heart, we threw ourselves into the water, or leaped for the broken pieces of ice which were floating about. The scene that ensued was shocking beyond description—the canal or harbour was faced on both sides by high brick walls; in the middle of the channel lay a small Dutch decked vessel, which was secured by a rope to the opposite side of the harbour. Our only hope of preserving our lives or effecting our escape, depended on our being able to gain this little vessel. Already, many had, by leaping first on one piece of ice and then on another, succeeded in getting on board this vessel, which they drew to the opposite side of the canal by the rope, and thus freed one obstruction: but immediately afterwards, being intercepted by the Waterport redoubt, they were compelled to surrender. The soldiers in particular, when they found themselves inclosed by the enemy, seemed to lose the power of reflection, and leaped madly into the water, with their arms in their hands, without even waiting until a piece of ice should float within their reach. The air was rent with vain cries for help from the drowning soldiers, mixed with the exulting shouts of the enemy, who seemed determined to make us drain the bitter cup of defeat to the very dregs. Among the rest I had scrambled down the face of the canal to a beam running horizontally along the brick-work, from which other beams descended perpendicularly into the water, to prevent the sides from being injured by shipping. After sticking my sword into my belt, (for I had thrown the scabbard away the previous night,) I leaped from this beam, which was nine or ten feet above the water, for a piece of ice, but not judging my distance very well, it tilted up with me, and I sunk to the bottom of the water. However, I soon came up again, and after swimming to the other side of the canal and to the vessel, I found nothing to catch hold of. I had therefore nothing for it but to hold on by the piece of ice I had at first leaped on, and swinging my body under it, I managed to keep my face out of the water. I had just caught hold of the ice in time, for encumbered as I was with a heavy great coat, now thoroughly soaked, I was in a fair way to share the fate of many a poor fellow now lying at the bottom of the water. I did not, however, retain my slippery hold undisturbed. I was several times dragged under water by the convulsive grasp of the drowning soldiers, but by desperate efforts I managed to free myself and regain my hold. Even at this moment, I cannot think without horror of the means which the instinct of self-preservation suggested to save my own life, while some poor fellow clung to my clothes: I think I still see his agonized look, and hear his imploring cry, as he sank for ever.

"After a little time I remained undisturbed tenant of the piece of ice. I was not, however, the only survivor of those who had got into the water: several of them were still hanging on to other pieces of ice, but they one by one let go their hold, and sunk as their strength failed. At length only three or four besides myself remained. All this time some of the enemy con-

tinued firing at us, and I saw one or two shot in the water near me. So intent was every one on effecting his escape, that though they sometimes cast a look of commiseration at their drowning comrades, no one thought for a moment of giving us any assistance. The very hope of it had at length so completely faded in our minds, that we had ceased to ask the aid of those that passed us on the fragments of ice. But Providence had reserved one individual who possessed a heart to feel for the distress of his fellow-creatures more than for his own personal safety. The very last person that reached the vessel in the manner I have already described, was Lieut. M'Dougal, of the 91st Regiment. I had attracted his attention in passing me, and he had promised his assistance when he should reach the vessel. He soon threw me a rope, but I was now so weak and benumbed with the intense cold, that it slipped through my fingers alongside of the vessel; he then gave me another, doubled, which I got under my arms, and he thus succeeded, with the assistance of a wounded man, in getting me on board. I feel that it is quite out of my power to do justice to the humanity and contempt of danger displayed by our generous deliverer on this occasion. While I was assisting him in saving the two or three soldiers who still clung to pieces of ice, I got a musket-ball through my wrist; for all this time several of the enemy continued deliberately firing at us from the opposite rampart, which was not above sixty yards from the vessel. Not content with what he had already done for me, my kind-hearted friend insisted on helping me out of the vessel; but I could not consent to his remaining longer exposed to the fire of the enemy, who had already covered the deck with killed and wounded, and M'Dougal fortunately still remained unhurt. Finding that I would not encumber him, he left the vessel, and I went down to the cabin, where I found Lieut. Briggs, of the 91st, sitting on one side, with a severe wound through his shoulder-blade. The floor of the cabin was covered with water, for the vessel had become leaky from the firing. I took my station on the opposite side, and taking off my neckcloth, with the assistance of my teeth, I managed to bind up my wound, so as to stop the bleeding in some measure. My companion suffered so much from his wound that little conversation passed betwixt us.

"I fell naturally into gloomy reflections on the events of the night. I need hardly say how bitter and mortifying they were: after all our toils and sanguine anticipations of ultimate success, to be thus robbed of the prize which we already grasped, as we thought, with a firm hand. Absorbed in these melancholy ruminations, accompanied from time to time by a groan from my companion, several hours passed away, during which the water continued rising higher and higher in the cabin, until it reached my middle, and I was obliged to hold my arm above it, for the salt-water made it smart. Fortunately the vessel grounded on the receding of the tide. Escape in our state being now quite out of the question, my companion and I were glad on the whole to be relieved from our present disagreeable situation by surrendering ourselves prisoners." ii. 293—8.

A Spelling-Book, with appropriate Lessons in Reading; and with a Stepping-stone to English Grammar. By William Cobbett. London, 1831.

COBBETT is a self-educated man: teachers he had none; and the books, as he found them, were more hindrances than helps. He knows, therefore, where difficulties will be met with, and he endeavours to lessen or remove them; but he never forgets to inculcate the necessity of diligence and perseverance. He constantly

appeals to himself as an example of what may thus be done; and, though this savours of egotism, the example of one man living avails more than that of twenty dead. Cobbett never affects fine writing; but he is always eloquent, and often poetical, from the depth of his feelings and his universal sympathy: he writes as he talks, and his illustrations are from the most familiar things. Some of his Letters from America, and his Rural Rides, are among the most delightful papers in the language. It is an absurd notion that Cobbett is a mere politician: politics are the accident of his fortune; and we have often thought that half his bitterness originates in a dislike of the subject.

Cobbett's is a name rather offensive to most people; and he has done much to justify their dislike: but the humbler classes of society have not a greater benefactor. It was for their benefit that he published his 'Grammars,' his 'Cottage Economy,' his 'Poor Man's Friend,' &c.; and to improve their morals, and to implant just maxims in them, as to their conduct in life, he published his 'Sermons,' and his 'Advice to Young Men.' In this latter work his kindness of heart shines out: the work itself has been ridiculed, but only by those whom birth and circumstances have raised above all sympathy with their fellows.

This Spelling-Book is, in our judgment, excellent, and all the better for the total absence of politics. The Lessons and the Fables may be read with pleasure by old and young: the writer enters fully into the beautiful sentiment of Coleridge—

He liveth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast;
He liveth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The 'Stepping-stone to English Grammar' is less to our taste. Mr. Cobbett has some peculiar notions on the subject of English Grammar; and he often mistakes being positive for being right. He is, indeed, a bigot in many things, and so are most self-educated men—he writes volumes on volumes for the instruction of others, and delights in a sneer at book-learning—he loves to ridicule classical literature, which he does not understand—and he calls "novels the gin and whiskey of literature,"—forgetting that the Reading Lessons in this very Spelling-Book are novels.

The fact is, he writes from the heart, and not from the head; and his likings and loathings pass with him for reasons: he sees book-learning and classical literature extravagantly and absurdly over-valued—he knows that modern novels corrupt the heart, and that not one in a thousand can be read beneficially—and he, who stands on no nice distinctions, condemns them both. But no writer, and perhaps for these reasons, takes a stronger hold on the sympathy of the reader, and therefore none are better qualified to be the guide and instructor of young people; and we repeat, that his Spelling-Book is excellent. A spelling-book, it may be thought, is not a work that well admits of extract; but, in truth, we had marked several passages—the whole account of the Sisters of Charity, and two or three of the Fables—as worth transplanting; but the word here accidentally used reminds us of a pleasant passage on Gardening, with which we shall conclude:

"Gardening is a science that may be useful

to every man and every woman, and must be useful to a very great part of man and woman-kind. In addition to the utility, there is the innocent and healthful pleasure: the great variety of objects, and the interest that is constantly kept up, and never suffered to flag for a single day, from the swelling of the buds and the peeping of the primrose in the spring, until they swell and peep again, just as the snow-drop and crocus have faded. It is, however, hardly necessary for me to be urgent on this score, when, happily, the taste for these unalloyed delights is the taste of the country. From the scarlet-blossomed bean, running up a string from the broken crock filled with earth, in the windows of the smoky alleys in London, to the walled inclosures of the peer, rivalling, with its trained trees, and buds, and pits, and hot-houses, the southern climates of Europe and those of the tropics at the same time, all proclaim the innate taste for gardening."

A Grammar of the Hebrew Language. By Moses Stuart. Oxford, 1831. Talboys.

THIS valuable acquisition to the students of oriental literature was originally published in America, where the author holds the office of professor in the Institution at Andover. The merited celebrity which it obtained; its manifest superiority over the abstracts of Buxtorf and Bythner, which have been the principal text books in our English schools, has led to its republication in this country. It comes before us heralded by the warmest testimonies to its merits from the best biblical scholars of both countries, and its fame by no means exceeds its deserts. Less philosophical in his arrangements than Hurwitz, Stuart is more minutely accurate in tracing the many anomalies of the sacred tongue; on the uses of the vowel-points and accents, he has accumulated all the information supplied by grammarians and biblical critics, and has digested the crude materials which the writers of those ponderous tomes afforded into an orderly system, which may be understood, and consequently remembered without difficulty. The irregular verbs, and the endless multitude of rules and exceptions which render that part of most Hebrew grammars a Babel of confusion, assume with Mr. Stuart a new aspect; he furnishes a few simple rules to guide us through the maze; and though he has not removed every difficulty, he has certainly delivered us from the principal ones. His syntax deserves the most unqualified praise; for, in this portion of his book, the lights afforded by his predecessors tended to mislead rather than to guide him in his course: his account of the structure of sentences in Hebrew is perfectly original and perfectly accurate; it gives assistance for which the student would in vain look elsewhere, and which even the most advanced proficient might consult with advantage.

We cannot conclude without mentioning that this work is one of the best specimens of Hebrew typography that has appeared for many years; the pains taken to ensure accuracy deserve the highest commendation, but can only be appreciated by those who have borne the horrible misery of superintending the Hebrew press.

Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela and New Grenada, and in the Pacific Ocean, from 1817 to 1830, &c.

(Third Notice.)

We promised a few more extracts from these very pleasant volumes. The following is a

sketch of an itinerant songstress and fortune-teller of Caraccas:—

The Chinganera.

"Sepúlveda seated himself on the same rude stone bench, which his mother and the novice had occupied but three nights before. He would have given worlds to recall that evening; and, as he thought of the Indian minstrel's song, he unconsciously repeated in a low voice the *refran*—

"No me olvides nunca! No me olvides, no!"

"Scarcely had he uttered these words, when he started, at hearing a guitar close behind him repeating the notes of the air, in the same plaintive cadence in which he had so lately heard it played. He turned hastily, and saw the Chinganera who had so particularly addressed herself to him the other evening. She was now clad in the coarse dark poncho, and blue *justan*, of her tribe, without a trace of the theatrical dress which she had adopted when he last saw her. Nothing was more common than to see those of her wandering race, at all times, and in all places; and they were well known to affect a mysterious interest in the affairs of any, whom they believed to be kindly disposed towards them; availing themselves of intelligence obtained by their restless curiosity, either for the purpose of fortune-telling, or to show their capricious gratitude. Yet her sudden appearance on this spot seemed so closely connected with the subject of his previous thoughts, that Sepúlveda waited for some moments, half expecting to hear from her some interesting communication. But, as she stood perfectly still and silent, he addressed a few words to her, in commendation of the presence she had displayed, in warning his companion of the approaching earthquake.

"Such warnings are easily given, *hermano!*" said she; 'there is not a child in my tribe, but knows what calm sultry weather, and a sudden falling of the water springs, portend. But no one will place confidence in an Indian's word. The wisest of you all, when assailed by calentura, or wounded by the rattle-snake's fangs, have recourse to us without hesitation. But, as the earthquake rolls by and is no longer remembered, so the fever is cured, the poison is extracted, and the Indian is forgotten. Yet it is not in these alone that we have skill. Will you have a proof, Carlos Sepúlveda? I know *her*, on whom you were this moment thinking; and can tell whether she is gone.'

"With my name, at least, you appear well acquainted. But if you have learned anything of Dona—that is to say, of any one for whom you suppose me to be interested, tell me at once all you know.'

"Suppose! I know it well, *hermano!* Did I not watch your looks that evening, as you leaned against yonder alamo? And again when I sung the *dispedida*,—could I miss seeing to whom you applied each word? Nay, more:—you saw not me in the chapel of the Monjas Claras, although I knelt beside the same pillar: but I saw you, when you burst through the lattice, and bore away the novice in safety. I escaped death by following your steps; and I never lost sight of her, as long as her foot was on her native soil.'

"Heavens! has she then left Venezuela? Where did you last see her? and with whom?"

"Her father took her from your mother's care. I followed them to the Quebrada del Tucúqueri."

"Tell me at least, Chinganera! before you go, whence it is that you take such an interest in me, and in—"

"And in Maria del Rosario Peñañuela, you would say. I know it appears incredible to white men, that Indians should remember benefits; and yet they wonder not at gratitude in their dogs. Your alms of the other night were not the first, by many, that I had received from

you; and when your mother saw me resting under the trees in her garden, the evening of the earthquake, she did not order me to be turned out, as others would have done, but sent me food. * * * And now, *hermano*, farewell! When I next seek you, it shall be to warn you, that you are about to become a wanderer, as I am. Last night the moon darkened a bright star in her path. When was that seen, and a revolution in Coquibacúa failed to follow?" ii. 136—139.

Spanish Head Quarters.

"The chiefs then left the council, and repaired to their several quarters, for the purpose of issuing the usual marching orders to their respective divisions. The news having speedily transpired, the Plaza and parade ground on the banks of the Apurito were crowded with groups of officers, criticising the measure with the usual freedom of a camp. Young La Torre, who well knew his father's opinion to be in favour of wintering at Achaguas,—in which he heartily coincided,—could not help giving vent to his indignation.

"A pretty tale we shall have to tell, on returning to Caraccas, of our campaign! His catholic majesty's arms have acquired new lustre, truly, during this visit to the Llanos! Well may that most sententious of squires, Sancho Panza, say—

*Do quieren los Reyes
Van las Leyes!*

therefore I suppose we have nothing left for it but to bridle up and move off. But,—*voto a tal!*—had I any voice in the matter, we should have held out here at least until the spring."

"Here La Torre's sergeant interrupted him by tendering the order-book for his perusal.

"You may take that book away, Rodriguez; I can guess at its contents. We march to-morrow to the northward, I suppose?"

"The sergeant bowed assent, but intimated that there was a particular order, which applied more immediately to '*Su merced Don Pedro*.'

"Let me see then;—here we have it!—"The first squadron of the Lanzeros del Infante will occupy the Plaza of Achaguas for the space of two hours after the rear-guard of the infantry has filed off."—"I could swear, with a safe conscience, that my worthy Tahita dictated that order. He wishes to give me a chance for earning promotion or making a vacancy even to the last moment, I find; but I fear it is too late in the campaign for me to entertain any hopes of exchanging these epaulettes for *galones*. You may read the orders to the troop, Rodriguez; and desire my servant to look well after my charger to-night."

"The sergeant found the troop dismounted, and formed along one side of the neat little country church, which was their temporary barrack. With the attention to punctilio usual in the Spanish service, he first called forward the other sergeants and corporals of the troop, and communicated to them the news, which had been already heard or guessed at by most of them. * * *

"Rodriguez then turned to the troop, and read to them, with the sonorous voice they had long been accustomed to obey in silence, the orders of the day. When he concluded with that part referring to the morning's duty, which more immediately interested his hearers as forming part of the first squadron, some of the oldest of the *vigotones*, after bespeaking his acquiescence, broke out into shouts of—'*Viva Morillo!*'—'*Viva nuestro Capitan La Torre!*'

"Rodriguez listened to them for awhile, with a grim look of satisfaction, that relaxed his stern Gallician features; then,—'quenching his familiar smile with an austere regard of controul,'—(as Malvolio has it,)—he waved his hand for silence, and the signal was instantly obeyed. Having marched the front rank three

paces forward, he faced it inwards, and proceeded to repeat the Oracion a la Virgen, according to the laudable Spanish custom at sunset, which directs the senior sergeant of every troop or company to pace up and down between the ranks of his comrades, reciting the Rosario:—"Salud, Maria! Reyna eres del cielo!" &c.; while, after each repetition, the soldiers' responses are heard swelling on the ear, in the solemn lofty-sounding Castilian tongue.

"The *retrêta* then commenced under Morillo's balcony, and proceeded round the town; the large regimental lantern being carried in the front as usual, on a pole. The drums and fifes alternated with a full military band, in playing that mixture of lively and plaintive Spanish airs, which appears so well adapted for the lullaby of a camp, and harmonizes so strikingly with the vicissitudes of a soldier's chequered life. The troops then thronged towards their respective barracks, and stretched themselves to rest in the moonlight under the corridors, where they soon lost all recollection of the march they were to commence next morning." iii. 317-20.

ROSCOE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY.

Peregrine Pickle. Vol. II. Cochran & Co.

It is not often that even George Cruikshank has been more successful than in the illustrations of this capital volume: all the plates are good—but, 'the Tailors baffling the Bailiffs' inimitable. It cost a friend of ours two hundred pounds to make a collection of the Italian Novelists; and now, any man who desires it, may have a perfect series of the best English novels, by purchasing this, and the companion work, *The Standard Novels*, for about as many shillings. They are both excellent; and, what adds greatly to their merit in our eyes, both remarkably cheap.

Insect Miscellanies. London, 1831. Knight.

ANOTHER, and we suppose concluding volume, of the series of *Insects* that has appeared in the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge.' We have not room now to do more than announce the publication; and we are rather scrupulous on this point, lest it should be believed that our former difference with Mr. Rennie had influenced us. We have always borne honourable testimony to Mr. Rennie's ability as a popular writer on natural history: we were gentle and considerate even to his carelessness as a scientific one, until we were provoked by the excessive virulence of his reply to our mild and gentle reproof: he paid the just penalty of this folly, and our differences are forgotten. We have great pleasure in recommending the volume to all who delight in the curious subject on which it treats.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

TRANSLATIONS FROM KÖRNER.—No. VI.
A PRAYER.

[In the original, a noble out-breathing of patriotism and devotion. The metre will at once be recognized as the "*O Sanctissima*," &c. so well known and well loved, almost from childhood, by every one. Here I must, as in my previous translations, plead the difficulty of rendering words and ideas in a measure so confined, and my unwillingness to lose an atom of spirit or force that any device would keep for me, as the excuses for an occasional roughness in these lines, which does not belong to the German poem.]

Hear us, Great God of might!

Hear us, Great Judge of right!

Leader of battles, from Heaven:

Father, we pray to thee!

We thank thee, with bent knee,

That we for freedom have striven!

Though hell raged o'er our land:

Father, thy strong right hand

Had crushed the liar's plots and had freed us.

Lead us, Jehovah! Lord!

Lead us, Great Triune Lord!

To fight and victory lead us!

Lead us!—even though our doom
Fall in the grave's deep womb,
Praised and bless'd be thy name! Thine,
All thrones, powers, and glories are,
Now and for evermore!

Lead us, Almighty God!—Amen.

W. B. C.

Liverpool, Sept. 12, 1831.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

WHEN is youth's gay heart the lightest?
When the torch of health burns brightest;
And the soul's rich banquet lies
In air, and ocean, earth and skies;
Till the honied cup of pleasure
Overflows with mental treasure.

When is love's sweet dream the sweetest?
When a kindred heart thou meetest
Unpolluted with the strife,
The selfish aims that tarnish life;
Ere the scowl of care has faded
The shining chaplet fancy braided,
And emotions, pure and high,
Swell the heart and fill the eye;
Rich revelations of the mind,
Within a loving breast enshrined,
To thy own fond bosom plighted,
In affection's bonds united.
The sober joys of after years
Are nothing to those smiles and tears.

When is sorrow's sting the strongest?
When friends grow cold we've loved the
longest;

And the bankrupt heart would borrow,
Treacherous hopes to cheat the morrow;
Dreams of bliss by reason banished,
Early joys which quickly vanished,
And the treasured past appears,
Only to augment our tears;
When, within itself retreating,
The spirit owns earth's joys are fleeting,
Yet, rack'd with anxious doubts and fears,
Trusts, blindly trusts, to future years.

Oh! this is grief, the preacher saith,
The world's dark woe that worketh death;
Yet, oft beneath its influence bowed,
A beam of hope will burst the cloud,
And heaven's celestial shore appears,
Slow rising o'er the tide of tears,
Guiding the spirit's darkling way,
Through thorny paths, to endless day.
Then the toils of life are done,
Then youth and age are both as one—
Sorrow never more can sting,
Neglect or pain, the bosom wing,
And the joys blest spirits prove,
Far exceed all earthly love!

THE SLEEPY LOVER.

THE public have been favoured with all sorts of confessions, from Jean Jacques' down to the Opium Eater's: I have the less reluctance therefore in the honest acknowledgment, that I have been all my life what is called a sleepy-headed fellow. No contrivances could by any possibility keep me awake. If I were happy, I dropped sound asleep in the joy of my heart; if wretched, I snored most lustily in the intensity of my grief. From this disposition I for a long time reaped nothing but enjoyment. I had a constant friend in distress, a remedy for all sublunary ills. I lived in a world of my own—for I had the power of forming my own dreams. I confess I was not more poetical than I am now. In youth, my visions seldom extended beyond plum-pudding and gingerbread—but in these, and things of that sort, I had a splendid imagi-

nation. Though lying on a hard board in the school-room, and half starved, I could summon before me the moment I closed my eyes, such magnificent displays of sweetmeats! I could transport myself to regions of eternal pastry, where the rivers were molten barley-sugar, and the mountains were masses of apple-pie, large lakes of treacle filled up the valleys, while pleasure-boats of almonds and orange-peel diversified their deep-coloured bosoms. I have retained the power of directing my dreams into any channel I choose, ever since; but I have now given up the confectionery rhapsodies. For many years, as I have said, I found no inconvenience resulting from my slumbers. I slept through school and snored my way through college, without attracting any particular observation—I found, indeed, when my failing overtook me amongst my friends, that I was rather a favourite on account of my peculiarity. But the strangest thing about it is, that though to all appearance I am as sound asleep as a dormouse, still I hear distinctly everything that is said,—I think my ears are even more acute than on other occasions; and in all respects I am an intelligent being—only tied down by the indomitable somnolency of my outward members. When I had reached the age of about two and twenty, my misfortune, began—I had at that time an uncle, who, like all other uncles I have ever met with "in tale or history," was "a character."

Uncle John had been in the army, and was eloquent beyond measure on the taking of Seringapatam. He had also quarrelled with my father, and was highly displeased with every one of his relations. For many years there had been no intercourse between him and our family—but at last when he found himself growing old, he desired to be reconciled, and I was the person he sent for. He began immediately after dinner, and told me he intended to make me his heir. He would do it out of hand, and the attorney was to come at seven o'clock to draw up his irrevocable will. I was delighted, of course—for he was very rich. I expressed my thanks. "No, no," said uncle John, "it is to please myself, not you—I will have it over, and then I may die as soon as I like."—"I hope not, Sir, for many many years."—"That's a lie, Sir," said uncle John: "you hope no such thing—after I have signed the will, the sooner I die the better—not a word more. When I was at Seringapatam—" No sooner had he begun his story, than I felt my complaint coming on—I bit my lip, I pinched myself—but, like a great heavy cloud, down settled thick sleep upon my eyelids—while the anecdote still went on. "When I was at Seringapatam, I met with a curious adventure. Jack Segrim, of our second battalion, who had afterwards the misfortune to lose a leg in the battle of Assaye—he was half-brother to Tom Calvert, who commanded the 11th, who came home about fifteen years ago, and settled somewhere in Lincolnshire, I don't exactly know where, but very near the estate of old Colonel Hadley, of the 19th Natives—well, when I was at Seringapatam—you don't take any wine"—here there was a long pause, and I was wonderfully afraid he had found me out, but I heard him fill up his glass and he resumed his story. Just at this moment, however, he was interrupted by the entrance of the attorney. What would I not have given to have been able to

say, how do you do? Stiff, immovable, with my eyes close shut, I heard uncle John introduce us to each other—then I heard a short quick laugh from the attorney,—and a shorter and much quicker exclamation from uncle John. "The young gentleman seems very much amused," said the former. "Sleepy good for nothing booby!" growled the latter, with an oath—and between the two, I sat to all appearance in the sweetest sleep in the world! "I have brought all the papers, Sir," said the attorney, "leaving only a blank for your nephew's name."—"Then it shall remain a blank still; for this snoring blockhead shall never touch a rupee." Is there no chance, thought I to myself, in utter desperation, of breaking the spell that keeps me asleep?—anything is better than this apparent quiescence? I will scream as loud as I can, it will perhaps awake me—I made an attempt to hallo at the top of my voice—all that I produced was a preternatural snore. The attorney laughed again—but uncle John stormed in a towering passion, "This is a fine return for my intended kindness. This will teach me to leave my money to fools that can't keep their eyes open to receive it. Put somebody else's name into the blank—this ass, this dolt, this idiot, shall not have a single penny. Here, put in my sister's daughter, Mary Melville—make her sole heiress—give me the pen." I heard it scratching as he wrote his name on the parchment. "There? waken when you like, you lumbering heavy headed nincompoop—you shall not have a stiver of my fortune, and I'll never say another word to you or any body else about Seringapatam." I now heard the shuffling of many feet,—the butler and some others were called upon to sign their names; and, in the midst of all the hurly-burly, the agony of my disappointed hopes vented itself in the most powerful prolonged snores that ever issued from a broken heart. In about eight and forty hours I awoke—I was in my own bed at home—I had been bundled into a hackney-coach, and packed off with every mark of indignity and contempt. Immediately on awaking, I, of course, made every effort to apologize to uncle John, and explain the causes of my unaccountable behaviour. My efforts were all in vain: his self-love was too much wounded, to allow him to be reconciled. He might have forgiven everything, if it had not been that Seringapatam was his favourite story.

When all my attempts in that quarter had failed, I made up my mind to recover the property I had forfeited, by laying siege to the affections of my cousin. In this I flattered myself I was making remarkable progress, more especially as she was ignorant of her good fortune. For more than a month I had been continuing my assiduities with the entire approbation of her mother,—who, moreover, hinted she should rejoice if I succeeded in securing her hand, as she was half afraid Mary was attached to a Lieutenant, who had nothing but his pay. Encouraged by this approbation, I pushed my advances boldly. I absolutely made a declaration of my attachment, and though I received no positive answer, I by no means saw cause to despair. All this time I remained quite free from any tendency to unnatural sleep. One morning, however, when I called, I heard a peculiar bustle inside as I opened the drawing-room door; Mary, to be sure,

was alone when I entered, but she looked agitated and confused. I saw upon the table a military glove, and, hid under some muslin, I thought I also perceived a sword. I sat down in perfect silence beside my fair cousin, and looked on her for some time. At last, I said, "My dear Mary, it is useless to try to deceive me: my eyes, I assure you, are too wide awake;"—but, ere I could pronounce another word, my head dropped quietly into my bosom, and in a moment I was sound asleep. I very soon heard the closet-door open, and a conversation carried on in whispers. "Go, go," said Mary, in great alarm; "he may wake immediately." "But," rejoined the Lieutenant, "your uncle approves of our plan; if you will slip on your bonnet, and go with me to his house, everything will be arranged. Your dunder-pated cousin will never wake till we are fairly married; and then your mother may storm as much as she likes." "But when did you see my uncle?" said Mary. "Not an hour ago; come, come, everything is prepared;"—and I heard him lift up his sword—I heard her put on her bonnet—and I remained in the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," while the gallant Lieutenant marched off with my cousin. All my former misfortunes were trifles compared to this; and my rage was increased, when I reflected I had been baffled by the duplicity of the girl, and the persevering hostility of uncle John.

I pass over all account of my feelings while I slept. I did not awake till next day; and the first thing I saw in the *Morning Herald* was—"Marriage in high life—Yesterday, at the house of Colonel John Sandford, who served with such distinction at Seringapatam, Lieutenant the Hon. H. St. Jermyn, to Mary, only daughter of the late Captain Andrew Melville, and niece of Colonel John Sandford. The marriage was, rather unexpected, as it had for some time been supposed that the lady was engaged to a certain lively cousin. Colonel Sandford presented the bride with twenty-five thousand pounds as soon as the ceremony was over, and declared her his sole heiress."

W. J.

HINTS FOR THE HISTORY OF ROMAN LITERATURE.—No. II.

THERE was a period in the history of a great nation, the most eminent among its contemporaries, when the ruling class in the state had in their hands the means of bestowing peace, happiness, and prosperity on their fellow-citizens, and bequeathing to posterity the legacy of an example rich in beneficial fruits more than sufficient to establish its efficacy. In that country an oligarchy had, by a long concurrence of events, which, though remotely connected, all tended to the same consummation, acquired a power unknown to the earlier ages of the constitution—a power utterly inconsistent with the spirit, and scarcely reconcilable to the form of those free institutions, which had been in earlier ages purchased "by the blood of the brave." That oligarchy had hurried the nation into a war, unjust in its origin, unfortunate in its progress, but which terminated gloriously, from a fortuitous combination of circumstances. That war had made the public treasury poor, but it had made individuals rich—contractors, prize-masters, tax-redemptioners, acquired extravagant wealth, and

used it, to purchase a share in patrician privileges, from which they were excluded, not only by their plebeian origin, but also by their mean and avaricious habits. That war had produced a general excitement, which called the attention to politics, of a class that had hitherto paid little regard to affairs of state;—appeals were so often made to the loyalty and patriotism of the middle and lower classes, that they began to ask the meaning of the terms; and, to the utter astonishment of those who made such appeals, they found out that loyalty was not the maintenance of the monopoly of a privileged few; and that patriotism did not consist wholly in cutting the throats of foreigners, but was a virtue that might be exercised at home in remedying the vices of party-government. The termination of the war was a period of external glory and internal distress;—the glory was sullied by the disgraceful exhibition of malignity that persecuted the great leader of the enemies, until he died in distant and lonely exile; the distress was aggravated by the effects resulting from the spirit of enterprise, which had been produced by the necessities of a tedious war. There arose loud cries for reform in the abuses which naturally result from the misapplication of old institutions to new circumstances;—there were clamours for retrenching the expenditure, which an exchequer sunk in debt could no longer support;—the ancient aristocracy of the country would willingly have joined in conceding such measures as might have satisfied the just claims of the people, but they were outnumbered and out-voted by those whom the war had invested with new influence. Then came that worst of civil commotions—a war of classes;—the people regarded the nobles as their hereditary enemies—the nobles, on the other hand, looked upon the people as the impugnors of their legal rights;—the struggle continued through years of misery and bloodshed—it terminated by subjecting the liberties of the multitude and the privileges of the nobility to the iron sway of unmitigated despotism.

The approach of this fearful consummation was slow; it was predicted by warnings sufficiently distinct and far between; there were secret mutterings—"curses not loud but deep"—a sullen silence and a settled gloom, evidence of the mental struggle between old habits of reverence and submission, and the earnest desire of obtaining impartial government. But old Hobson in the tale was not the only being on whom warnings were thrown away; like him, the aristocracy had become deaf, blind, and impotent—like him, they could not discover that these were the certain signs of coming dissolution. Blindness to what was passing around, deafness to the harsh, hoarse murmurs, the forerunners of the storm, fell not however upon all;—there arose men among the nobles themselves, who, in the legislative assemblies, loudly and ably explained the necessity of yielding to the just prayers of the people, and pointed out the menacing dangers that would result from a refusal; but there is a kind of mock-courage in an assembly of cowards that would be ludicrous, if it were not mischievous—the heroes of carpet-knighthood exclaimed with one voice that they would not be intimidated—they, forsooth, with their own right hands were able to control the might of millions: events proved that this heroism was

mere declamation—when the hour of exertion came, none were found to pander more basely to the passions of the multitude, nor to crouch more abjectly at the footstool of the autoerat, than those who were loudest in proclaiming the disgrace of yielding to intimidation.

O History! History! verily thou art an old almanac!—we have been sketching the condition of Rome at the close of the second Punic War; and such are thy repetitions, that the description is applicable to some hundred eras in the annals of different nations. We have already stated that the great contest between national and classical literature at Rome became identified with the factions of the state;—a sketch of the political condition of the republic at the moment when the struggle was about to commence, is a necessary preliminary to our disquisitions; if some readers give that sketch a different application, they must only say of history, as the French nobleman did of the single volume that he perused eight times as parts of a consecutive series, "*Il se repete quelquefois.*"

This period was one of great excitement, and, as has been always the case, the stormy agitations that shook the political world gave a vivifying spirit to genius, and roused talent into active exercise.—In Greece, in Rome, in England, in France, in Germany, the moments when literature flourished in most vigour were also the moments when the popular mind was excited by the consideration of some great affair, in which every individual felt a personal interest. The Persian war produced Æschylus and Sophocles; Euripides, Thucydides, Socrates, Xenophon, and Plato, came forward while the supremacy of Greece was contested by Athens and Sparta; Shakspeare was the child of the Reformation; Milton was inspired by the great civil war;—how great a change was made in European literature by the unparalleled and maddening stimulus of the first French Revolution need scarcely be mentioned. But we must return to the state of Roman affairs at the close of the second Punic War. "The great captain of the age," covered with glory by his Peninsular campaigns, and still more justly celebrated for his victory over the general of the enemy, when, at the close of the war, they met for the first time and the last, on a decisive battle-field, returned home, and was called to guide the state as he had before directed the army. There have been captious persons in every age;—there were men who said that Hannibal would have conquered Scipio, had not the Numidians, under the guidance of Massinissa, turned the scale of victory;—there were others who averred that military habits incapacitated a man from being the fit minister of a free state. Judging by results, the objectors did not make a very great mistake. Scipio easily enough forced the aristocracy to concede something to the people, and thereby alienated the affections of the most violent of the party; but at the moment when some substantial measure for the restoration of popular rights was expected from his hands, he chose to stop short: he told the Romans that they had a better constitution than any of the neighbouring states, and that they should rest content. The declaration was received with a tempest of indignation; the alienated aristocracy joined

in the clamour of the demagogues, and Scipio was driven from the helm never to return.

In the great contest between the Roman aristocracy and democracy, the influence of popular writers, in stimulating the people to exertion, was the theme of loud and bitter complaints. Ballads and popular songs then held the place, now much better filled by the periodical press; and the majority of the ballad-makers advocated the plebeian side. The chief of the popular poets was Nævius, whom we have had more than once occasion to mention. He is known to posterity only by a few fragments, disjointed, corrupted, and too brief to allow of our forming a perfect judgment of his power: enough however remains to show that he possessed merits of the highest order; and that the irrecoverable loss of his works is one of the greatest injuries literature has received from the ravages of time. From the scattered remains that may still be collected, Nævius seems, both in genius and temper, to have resembled one to whom the world has not done justice, for the best of all possible reasons, because he has never done justice to himself—we mean Dr. Southey.†

Nævius was, in the truest sense of the word, the poet of the Roman people; his songs celebrated the names of those who had been foremost in the advocacy of popular rights; his lampoons fell with merciless severity on those youthful patricians who deemed their birth an excuse for aristocratic insolence and oligarchical tyranny. Laws for the restriction of ballads were enacted, but popular opinion long prevented their execution. In fact, these laws, like all unnecessary restrictions of discussion, were founded on principles equally false and ridiculous. The sapient legislators affected to believe, that the popular clamour for the restoration of political rights was excited by the arts of popular writers, while

† There are few names in literary history that have been the subject of more unmerited odium than the Laureate's; denounced alternately as a Jacobin and an advocate of arbitrary power—accused of stimulating the people to rebellion, and oversteering to tyranny—the author of "Wat Tyler" and the "Vision of Judgment" is regarded as a wild fanatic, ready to propagate whatever opinion he may entertain for the moment, at every hazard, and with an utter disregard of all the misery that such a crusade would occasion: Heaven enlighten this ill-judging generation! There is not a line of prose or poetry that ever came from Southey's pen, which does not breathe a meekness of spirit, a gentleness of soul and a tenderness of feeling, that could only emanate from a breast full even to overflowing of the softest affections of our nature. He has written violent philippics,—an attack on the Satanic school of poetry, which, by the way, only existed in his own imagination,—a furious letter to William Smith,—and an invective, not wholly unmerited, against Lord Byron. But even in these angry pieces we may easily discover traces of regret for being, as he deemed, compelled to use harsh language, and we may discern a struggle between natural benevolence and conscientious excitement. With all his errors—and he would himself plead guilty to a few—with all his violations of established literary rule, both in matters of decorum and in matters of taste—the British public, and especially that part of it most opposed to Southey's present politics, must be lost to all sense of gratitude when it forgets its obligations to the author of the "English Eclogues." He was one of the first in point of time, and he is far the first in merit, that became, for a season, the poet of the people. We have witnessed scenes similar to those he described, and have heard the identical sentiments which he has developed, spoken by the peasants. We have read some of these beautiful and simple pieces to the labourers, and heard expressions of natural delight and unsophisticated pleasure, which the lower ranks always display when they meet any remarkable instance of sympathy in their lot from those of superior condition. With the Doctor's present politics we have nothing to do; but we feel assured that their change has left unaltered his genuine love for witnessing rural felicity, and his sincere sorrow at beholding rustic suffering. For manufactures, and all matters connected with trade, he entertains no great love; but this is an error of his taste rather than his judgment: he finds nothing poetic in steam-engines—no display of fancy in air-furnaces and power-looms.

they had before their eyes a full and sufficient refutation of such strange doctrine; for they had in their pay an army of ballad-mongers and pamphleteers, better paid than any of those who supported the people; they laboured more strenuously in their vocation, and explained the blessings of misgovernment with a splendid disregard for truth and logic well worthy of their cause; but the people disregarded and laughed at their productions—cleaving to those only whose sentiments coincided with their own sentiments; proving thus beyond a shadow of doubt, that the very extravagances of popular writers are the signs, and not the causes, of popular discontent. To divert the public attention from affairs of state by involving the nation in war, had been long a favourite expedient with the Roman nobility—they hastened to proclaim hostilities against Carthage, and, amid the bustle of arms, procured an edict of banishment against Nævius. But though the poet died on a foreign shore, his songs still lived in the hearts of his countrymen, and nothing but a total revolution in literature could efface their influence. The aristocracy forthwith voted their native literature unfashionable; Hellenic forms, Hellenic metres, and even entire Greek phrases, were declared essential to poetry; the same perverted taste that induced Dryden to put Milton into rhyme, and make nonsense of Shakspeare, was exerted to give the old Roman legends in hexameter verse. Ennius, a Greek by descent, and a parasite of the aristocracy by profession, was appointed to effect the revolution, and he finally succeeded. The intense hatred with which Ennius regarded his democratic rival, did not arise solely from political causes; both poets wrote on the same subject, and Nævius had the advantage of being first in the field: "*Perant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*," is naturally the prayer of a wholesale plagiarist; and as Ennius had pillaged his predecessor without scruple, he naturally hated the man that he had injured. The struggle between literature supported by power, and literature persecuted by the state, at a time when the press did not exist, was one of fearful odds. The songs of Nævius were preserved by tradition for a few generations, and then irrecoverably perished. Ennius thus became the founder of a new school of poetry—the father of that literature known to us as classical; the manner in which he amalgamated the Latin legends with the Greek forms, and the effects he produced on intellect by this great revolution, merit a separate investigation.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.—No. I.

MAN is a poetic creature, let philosophers say as they will: it is wonderful to hear of the ruin to literature and the destruction to art which one friend perceives in the Reform Bill; while another friend will see nothing but prosperity and exaltation to both. The airy fictions of these men, one of a bright and the other of a dark nature, are in a high degree poetical. Your toy perceives in the measure the entire prostration of all time-hallowed feeling, and the flight of all lofty impulses; he sees the works of the spinning-jenny usurping the place of the labours of the muse—newspapers, with their bitterness and their banter, driving out Scott, Shakspeare, and the Bible—in short, the barren reign of utility succeeding that of imagination and

eloquence. Your whig, on the other hand, rejoices that all institutions will be taken down and set up anew—that feelings and impulses reaching from the Henrys and Edwards will be rooted out—that public worth will rise like mercury in sunshine—that poetry will be grubbed up as an unprofitable weed, and the purity and elegance of newspaper prose will reign in its place. Now, who does not see that these are both poetic pictures? It is impossible that the national spirit and taste can take such a turn. The love of poetry and painting is a portion of our original nature, and cannot be extinguished; nor is it possible that the growing appetite for all kinds of elegant knowledge can be appeased by the necessarily hasty and crude discussions in periodical literature. The thick cloud of politics will depart; the suns of literature—the booksellers—will smile; authors will have gold in both pockets; and painters will have their easels in order, for a shower of gold will descend more surely than any they ever painted of Danaë. Nay, these six months' abstemiousness from mental food will require a feast to be spread such as has not been seen for generations.

It must be owned that for these six months art and literature have suffered a sad eclipse. One side says, without reform there must be revolution: the other, that revolution will follow reform. No man will speculate in aught but words; labour has nearly ceased—printing-presses repose by the hundred—and booksellers say, they have not sold a volume since the question was agitated. A poet in our presence lately requested a publisher to purchase a new poem in ten cantos—subject and time—'Wars of the Two Roses.' "Are you insane?" was the quick reply; "write on the rise and fall of stocks, or on the Reform Bill, and hope for purchasers—"

But there's no patron to protect the muse."

Art has suffered as well as literature; the parsimonious spirit which stopped the palace of the King has also descended on our gentry and nobles; for when the royal pocket is shut, all meaner ones will be buttoned. The money arising from the Royal Academy Exhibition is a third less than it used to be; and painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, are fasting and making holiday. Parsimony has found its way into places low and high—a thousand a year has been sordidly withdrawn from the Royal Society of Literature, with the concurrence of that Lord Grey whom we heard in all his pride of place in the Lords reproaching the memory of Lord Melville for neglecting Burns: will he think of the Ettrick Shepherd—second to no man in natural vigour of genius—when he doles out pension, post, and place among the worthy and the deserving?

To descend to other things. A thousand medals have hitherto been scattered among the mob at our coronations—four hundred were thought sufficient for William the Fourth and Adelaide; and the very red leather cases which contained them were reduced by estimates from a shilling to eighteen-pence halfpenny each. This mean and sordid spirit in the high places is every way unworthy of this great nation. We know something of these matters, and will in our next Gossip speak our mind frankly and freely.

A very pertinent question is asked in the Notes of the Month in the last *Monthly Ma-*

gazine—how is it that Martin is not an R.A.? and it is one that the country will soon require to have answered. We know very well that, under ordinary circumstances, there are certain forms to be observed—parties to be solicited—deferences paid; and we think it more than probable that Martin has neglected these, and very naturally: the Academy did nothing for him, and perhaps could not, when he was struggling on in obscurity; and now that his name has sounded over all Europe, a little natural pride makes it impossible for him to seek those honours which he does not want, although he might be proud to accept them. The Academy, however, must recollect, that the country know and care nothing for forms and usages—that they see an English painter of great original genius honoured in other countries; and they cannot understand why such a man is not an Academician in his own.

The Kroomen.—Several of these people are now at Portsmouth, serving on board H.M.S. *Etna*, Comm'r. Belcher, lately arrived from the coast of Africa. The duties on which the crew of the *Etna* have been employed, in surveying the coast about Cape Verge, having produced much sickness, it became necessary to retain these men on board, to navigate the vessel to England. Under these circumstances, we think a brief notice of this native African tribe may be interesting.

The Kroomen are a populous maritime nation, belonging to a country called Settra Kroo, near Cape Palmas. They are distinct from the other numerous tribes by which they are surrounded, both in language and general character. They are a hardy, active race, and perform the fatiguing duties of the boats, undergoing exposure which no European constitution could endure. Like all other tribes, they have their peculiar customs, one of which is that of dispersing themselves in small groups along the coast where any anchorage or roadstead enables vessels to come for the purposes of trade. Excepting the principal chiefs and the elders of their tribe, all are subject alike to this custom, which renders them at once the pilots of their coasts; and they are constantly employed on board His Majesty's ships, when on the African station.

In the event of any war, they are summoned to their own country to assist; but should they not be thus recalled, they often remain as long as eight or ten years at their establishment, when, having by their industry accumulated a little property, they return with it to their own country, their place being supplied by others. They are intelligent and enterprising, and, in point of muscular strength and proportion, are not surpassed by any nation in the world. Their war-dance, with which they sometimes amuse the crews of the ships wherein they are embarked, during the tedious hours of calm so frequent on the coast, is an imposing spectacle.

MR. LANDSEER'S APOLOGY FOR JAMES GILLRAY.

[We have little wish to be thought ungente, and still less to be thought unjust biographers: we therefore not only willingly admit the following letter respecting our notice of Gillray, but we thank Mr. Landseer for it. We are not sure, indeed, that in saying that Gillray deserted to the Tories, we were so severe as the fact warranted; for, according to our words, he might have left the Whigs from the conviction of reason and not from that of money. We are probably less accurate in saying that he loved low company: we ought to have said, that he was sometimes seen in it; but we will not dispute about trifles—here is the letter.]

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

SIR—Permit me to say, that I think you have somewhat underrated both the moral and professional merits of GILLRAY.† You appear not to

know that he was a reluctant ally of the Tory faction, and that his heart was always on the side of whiggism and liberty. He did not "desert to the Tories," but was pressed into their service, by an unfortunate concurrence of circumstances. He had unluckily got himself into the Ecclesiastical Court for producing a politico-scriptural caricature, which he had entitled 'The Wise Men's Offering;' and while threatened on the one hand with pains and penalties, he was bribed by the Pitt party on the other with the offer of a pension, to be accompanied by absolution and remission of sins both political and religious, and by the cessation of the pending prosecution. Thus situated, he found, or fancied himself obliged to capitulate.

He never appeared to me to be that lover of low society and gross mirth which you describe; but silent and reserved he was, till he discovered that his companions upon any given occasion were frank and liberal. His own patriotism and free principles then began to peer forth, and occasionally rose to enthusiastic fervour. I remember being assembled with him and a few other artists, most of whom are since dead, at the Prince of Wales coffee-house (then newly opened); the purpose of the meeting was to form a fund and institute a Society for the relief of decayed artists, &c., where Gillray discovered no deficiency either of good sense, benevolent feeling, or gentlemanly propriety of conduct; yet there was an eccentricity about him, which being no unusual concomitant of genius, was felt to be agreeable. After business and supper were concluded, we drank toasts; and when it came to his turn to name a public character, the Juvenal of caricature surprised those who knew him but superficially, by proposing that we should drink DAVID! (the French painter). He was by this time a little elated, having become pleased with his associates, and having drowned his reserve in the flow of soul, and, kneeling reverentially upon his chair as he pronounced the name of the (supposed) first painter and patriot in Europe, he expressed a wish that the rest of the company would do the same. This was after our artist had transferred his nominal allegiance to the Pitt party;—before David had been guilty of the worst of those revolutionary atrocities which stain his character, and while his artistical reputation in this country stood much higher than since we have had ocular opportunity of appreciating his professional merits.

I think, too, that if you look again at Gillray's volume of seven hundred etchings, you will find many to praise that you have passed in silence: such as his parody or travesty of Milton's scene before Hell Gate, where Queen Charlotte personates Sin, and Lord Thurlow, Satan; and his 'Sacrifice to Avarice,' which may be deemed as prophetic as it is pertinent—all its leading anticipations being since so thoroughly confirmed in the opinion of the public; and the likeness of Alderman Boydell (who is offering up the works of Shakspeare on the altar of avarice) being admirably hit off, with scarcely any exaggeration. There are passages in these, so energetic, so luminous, so vivid, and so far elevated above the tenour of caricature, that they deserve to be classed with higher works of art. I have them not before me, or I would say more about them. But you should do it. A critical history of the principal works of Gillray, and of the transactions which gave birth to them, would be very interesting. And you should write of Gillray's durance in Wilkinson's garret, from whence when he descended and took up the trade of caricaturing, he inscribed under his last serious engraving—"Fool that I was to cobbler thus my shoe!"

If you print in the *Athenæum* anything so hastily written as the above, it is much at your service, and that of the public. I shall sign my

† See *Athenæum*, October 1, No. 205.

name to it, because personal anecdotes should be authenticated.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
J. LANDSEER.

Southampton St., Fitzroy Square,
Oct. 5.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

ON Saturday last we had the gratification of presenting our readers with the most complete graphic illustrations of this Institution which have yet been published. The ceremony of the public opening, which took place on that day, was, in despite of the tempestuous weather which prevailed, extremely well attended. In keeping with the professed principles on which its claim as a public school is founded, the inauguration began with the celebration of divine service; at the commencement and close of which, the vocal aid of some of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, led by Mr. Hawes, was given with effect. The service was followed by an impressive discourse from the Bishop of London, who insisted with earnestness on the great importance to society at large, as well as the individual pupil himself, of imbuing the mind of youth with a sense of moral responsibility, as well as of storing it with worldly wisdom. To this discourse succeeded an address from the Principal of the College, in which he enlarged upon the topics already mooted in the reverend prelate's sermon.† The company having afterwards dispersed themselves over the interior of the building, examined its various arrangements and the collections forming under its roof; the latter of which, we understand, have derived no inconsiderable portion of their value from the liberal donations of Sir Henry Hallford, Lord Henley, Capt. Ronald, Dr. F. Hawkins, Mr. Sharon Turner, and others of its patrons. A bust of Dr. John Hunter, the gift of the talented Chantrey, very appropriately lends its inspiring recollections to the Museum of Anatomy and Natural History. We regret that we have not space to enter more minutely into the detail of the several arrangements made for giving effect to the purposes of this establishment; but must confine ourselves to stating generally, that they appear to us well calculated to accomplish their object. During the past week, the several professors in the Medical department have had an opportunity, by their introductory lectures, of unfolding their views of the distinct fields of science, in which they have been entrusted with the responsible task of teaching the readiest and most advantageous mode of cultivation; and we see no reason to doubt their capability of teaching it with effect. The terms of grateful encomium, in which Professor Daniell spoke of the prompt urbanity with which assistance had been afforded him by scientific men, connected with what may be called, "rival Institutions," bespoke the liberality of feeling which animated both the individuals who conferred, and the individual who acknowledged the obligation. Happy would it be for the interests of learning and science, if so kindly and generous a spirit of competition invariably hallowed their pursuit!

During the ensuing week, the Classical and Mathematical courses will be opened for the benefit of the class of "regular students," and the School, for that of the younger branches of the community.

In all the departments of the College, it affords us pleasure to report, that the number

† We have heard, that the Council have it in contemplation to place some of the sittings in the chapel at the disposal of those families in the vicinity of the College, who may be desirous of attending divine service on the Sundays.

of pupils already entered, has been considerable; and we cordially wish, that

It may find
A happy passage and a prosperous wind
through a long career of honourable emulation
with those older nurseries of literary and scientific excellence, which have shed so bright a lustre on the British name.

LONDON UNIVERSITY SCHOOL.

In our notice of the opening of King's College last week, we submitted to our readers a sketch of the Junior Department or School, which we consider not the least desirable part of the Institution. Viewing the University of London not as a rival, but as an elder sister, it has afforded us great pleasure to hear that the Council of the latter have at length complied with the wishes of many of the proprietors, by determining to introduce within the walls of the University, the school which was established last year under the auspices of Lord Brougham, Lord Auckland, Viscount Sandon, and other members of the council. The rapid success of this seminary has equalled the expectations of its most sanguine friends, and has proved how much it was wanted in that part of the metropolis. The system of the School unites the study of the Greek and Latin classics, with a liberal course of education in the modern languages, &c.; and with satisfaction we perceive that while the former is pursued with equal vigour as in our public schools, the system of discipline, which too frequently disgraces the latter, is superseded by punishments found to be equally effective, without degrading the offender or rendering him callous. The removal of the School to the University, is announced to take place at Christmas; till which period, the pupils continue to meet at 16, Gower-street, Bedford-square.

FINE ARTS

WILKIE'S WATERLOO GAZETTE.

Few who read the *Athenæum* require to be told that Wilkie painted a picture for the Duke of Wellington, representing the 'Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo': it was publicly exhibited many years ago, and received such commendations as few pictures receive or deserve. Those who admired it then, will be glad to hear now, that it has been for some time under the graver of Burnet—that the last touch has been given to the plate, and numerous impressions taken, for the number of the subscribers is little short of two thousand.

Those who know the original powers of the engraver—who have read his works on Painting, or seen his 'Game at Draughts' or 'John Anderson my Jo,' will know how well he is qualified to feel the full genius of Wilkie; while those who know him through his engravings alone, will be ready to look for a free bold image of the original painting—true to the life, and faithful to the character. We have seen one of the proofs, and can have no hesitation in pronouncing the engraving excellent.

Our readers will forgive us for reminding them, that the scene of this picture is that wide space near Chelsea College, with houses on the north side, known to Londoners by the name of Jew's Row. As the last of Napoleon's fields was stricken in summer, it corresponds with the time when pensioners receive their pay; and there accordingly they are, the old and the young—the halt and the maimed—the drunk and the sober—the In-pensioner and the Out—all engaged in a glorious carouse, both in the open air and in public-houses. The noise and fun is fast and furious; drink goes foaming about in all manner of vessels—food comes in all familiar shapes; while a bagpiper communicates life and mettle to such

feet as have still the power to stand. Into the midst of this jovial mob the painter has precipitated, on the spur, an orderly of the Tenth Hussars; he gives the *Waterloo Gazette* into the hands of one of Wolfe's veterans, who forthwith reads it aloud. As tidings of a great and decisive battle between Wellington and Napoleon were hourly looked for, the sight of the *Gazette* and the voice of the veteran somewhat calmed the extravagant merriment of the scene: the can stops on the way to a drouthy mouth—the oyster is arrested on the fork—the bag-piper seems to have relaxed in his ardour of screwing the pipes, and making them scream to the lieges; all seem not a little touched by the great news save one of the seed of Israel, who is busy decoying, nay almost dragging, a half-tipsy pensioner into his old-clothes den, where he may plunder him at leisure.—We are half tempted to destroy what we have written, it falls so far short of what we feel concerning this truly national work: but it will soon be published, and the world can see it for themselves, and judge how far words halt behind the pictured fancies of him who is so truly a painter.

PLATES OF THE ANNUALS.

THE SOUVENIR.

THE Literary Souvenir, amid all the rivalry of more expensive works, still maintains the high rank which it took at the commencement; and, if not always first, at least shares public approbation so largely with its rivals as to leave it a matter of doubt which is the worthier. As usual, there are twelve illustrations, and all of varied merit: four of these are such as few *Annals* will rival, we imagine, for the beauty of the design and the excellence of the engraving: four descend some figures lower in the scale of worth; and the remaining four, though not without merit, are less to our liking—though, perchance, more to the liking of others. Simplicity and originality are rare things everywhere, and certainly far from abounding in these *Annals*: yet the Souvenir is never without them, and, in the present instance, those who look at STOTHARD'S 'Supper by the Fountain'—'Oberwesel on the Rhine' by ROBERTS—'The Tower of London,' by TURNER, and the 'Vespers,' by BOXALL, will see them in full beauty. Not that we dislike the picturesque 'Marchioness of Salisbury,' by LAWRENCE, or 'Numa in the Grotto of Egeria,' by HOWARD, or 'The Arrest,' by JOHANNOT, or the 'Deveria Family,' by DEVERIA: but in all of these a slight touch of that which our soul abhors—namely, affectation, is visible save in that by Howard; and this induces us to assign the second rank of merit to these productions. We shall be set down as dull and as destitute of feeling for the High Historic, when we declare that we dislike the 'Lady Jane Grey,' of NORTHCOLE. The lady herself is sincere enough: but look at the affected sentiment of the priest, and the overdone ferocity of the keeper. There is something either serious or humorous in the 'Going to Mass,' of JOHANNOT, and we have no doubt there is a meaning in 'The Tarantella,' by MONTVOISON, but we cannot make the thing out. On the whole—four, nay, six of these prints are worthy of British art: and we have no doubt others will even praise them more than we have done.

ACKERMANN'S FORGET-ME-NOT.

THE father of all our *Annals*, though inferior in grace and elegance to certain of his descendants, is not deficient either in attraction or originality: nay, some of these dozen of engravings, are equal to anything we have seen in books of more pretence. Our chief favourite, is MARTIN'S 'Mordecai Honoured' not that we admire the grouping particularly—the human interest is small, compared to that excited by the scene: we could name several with skill equal to the sentiment expressed by the figures; but what other hand could have dashed in the

glorious landscape—those bowers fit for paradise, and those eternal cedars? 'Toka on the Gondazery,' is an eastern landscape of great beauty, by PURSER; there is humour too in 'The Stage-struck Tailor,' of KIDD, and much sweetness in the 'Mariana,' of LAWRENCE. We object, however, to HOLMES giving the head of Lord Byron to 'Don Juan.' We could perhaps praise the 'Uncle Toby and the Widow,' of RICHTER, if we could forget the picture exhibited last year by Leslie; and were it not for the 'Letter of Introduction,' by WILKIE, we certainly should admire 'The Frosty Reception,' by BUSS. 'The Child in the Thunderstorm,' by WOOD, is much too theatrical: we wish he would look at Gainsborough, or, better still, at dame Nature, and give less flutter and more feeling. We think, notwithstanding these drawbacks, that the illustrations of this season's Forget-Me-Not are superior to those of any former year.

THE JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Mrs. Hall is a better judge than we affect to be, of the pictures most likely to interest young people; there can, however, be little doubt that THOMPSON'S 'Dead Robin,' and 'The Young Sportsman,' by MARR, will be favourites with them. 'The Evening Prayer' will please all, old and young: it is painted by an artist whose works we are not acquainted with,—although his name (DUPPA) has been long very pleasantly associated with art. 'The Provençe Rose,' by Miss FANNY CORBEAUX, is graceful, and well justifies the opinion we some time since expressed, that there was good promise in the artist: it is a graceful and becoming thing in a lady-editor to put forward so prominently a lady-painter. 'The Young Gleaner,' by HOLMES, will be generally admired, but it is not to our liking: there is a drawing-room air about the figure—though graceful and easy, it is not the grace and ease of nature.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

ON Saturday last the promised version of 'Dominique' was produced here with success. The papers have attributed it to various authors, but we still believe that we were right last week in stating it to be the joint production of Messrs. Kenney and Poole. The part of Dominique fell to the share of Mr. Wallack, and, although he can do nothing badly, we were a little disappointed at the view he took of it. There has been much discussion among theatrical people, not only as to who would be the fittest representative of the part, of those now on the stage, but as to who would have been, of those gone by. The prevailing opinion has been in favour of Mr. Bannister; and in this, from even the very slight recollection of him which we have, we are inclined to coincide. We could not help fancying that this opinion had reached Mr. Wallack's ear, and that he was trying at an imitation of Mr. Bannister's style. Had he trusted more to himself, he would probably have produced more effect; as it was, the comic parts had too much of the similitude about them. The comicality of the character of Dominique should, to our thinking, arise almost entirely out of his own belief in the seriousness of the circumstances in which he is placed, and the audience should laugh at, not with him. Many of Mr. Wallack's points were, however, well given, and he and the piece were received with considerable applause, and without dissent. Mrs. C. Jones and Mrs. Orger were excellent in their respective parts.

In the piece of illustrious nonsense, called 'The Illustrious Stranger,' which followed, Mr. Harley was promoted from his old part of *Gimbo* to that of *Bowbell*, vice Mr. Liston, who has placed himself at the head of the comic forces at the Olympic. He acquitted himself apparently

much to the satisfaction of the audience. Mr. Harley, as it should seem, is about to occupy all Mr. Liston's characters. It is a heavy task for any one to undertake; and even he, favourite as he is, will not find his labour light; but we are happy to say that at present he is doing "as well as could be expected."

'William Tell' was played here on Thursday. Mr. Macready acted with his usual ability, and obtained his usual applause. The play, and his successful exertions in the principal character, are both so well known, that we should not have mentioned the subject at all, but for the pleasure of noticing a Miss Chaplin, a young actress of considerable promise, who played the boy (*Albert*) for the first time, and who made her first appearance as *Lucy*, in the 'Country Girl,' a few evenings since: we were not present, but we have heard that, upon that occasion, she made very good friends with the audience. Miss Chaplin seems to be about fifteen years of age: her figure is small but good: her face is very pleasing, her manner arch and intelligent, and her voice distinct and penetrating. She acted the clever, feeling, and devoted boy with much good sense and discrimination, and received from her audience a most encouraging quantum of applause.

The interlude called 'Intrigue,' followed, and introduced us to another debutante in the person of a Miss Cherry. When there can be no question of decided youthfulness, as in the case of Miss Chaplin, we do not mind venturing upon a guess at a lady's age. In the present instance, we dare not trust ourselves. Where we cannot, in justice, give praise, we would fain avoid inflicting censure; and therefore, after duly weighing the *pros* and *cons*, we fear the best that we can do for Miss Cherry, is to remain silent—at any rate until we have an opportunity of seeing her in another character. It is always gratifying to us to speak in applauding terms of our lively, bustling, smiling, tortuous, nodding, chin-thrusting friend Mr. Harley; his performance of *Tom* gives this propensity of ours its full swing. The character fits him to a hair; and when he is well fitted, few comport themselves more amusingly. The part was written for Mr. Knight, who used to act it admirably,—so admirably, that the best compliment we can pay Mr. Harley, is to say that he is so worthy a successor, that nobody can regret a little *Knight* past in seeing him. We should be glad to stop here, but the managers of Drury Lane made us stop there. They seem laudably bent on imitating their brother autocrat of the Haymarket, by providing a voluntary to play the people out of the theatre. The music selected for this purpose on Thursday, was from 'Rosina.' The parts of *Belville* and *Rosina*, were filled by Mr. Templeton and Miss Field, who both appeared here for the first time; they both deserved better than to come at such a sleepy time of night. Mr. Templeton possesses a pleasing and extensive tenor voice, and sings in time and with feeling. Miss Field has a voice of considerable compass and flexibility, and her singing is distinguished by taste and an unusual share of science; this latter is no more than we might expect from a sister of Mr. Field, the eminent musician of Bath. On a future opportunity, for we shall doubtless have many, we shall be happy to do her more detailed justice; at present we can only repeat our regret that she was not heard earlier in the evening, and say lie upon the management for permitting an Intrigue between William Tell and Rosina.

COVENT GARDEN.

'The Inconstant,' and 'The Barber of Seville,' were played here yesterday week. Having only been in time to see the fifth act, we are unable to report upon the acting of Miss Ellen Tree

and Miss Taylor; but we cannot permit the opportunity to pass of recommending everybody who has not seen Mr. Charles Kemble in *Young Mirabel*, to take the earliest opportunity of doing so, and everybody who has, to see him again. It is one of the most perfect specimens of the highest order of comedy which the stage has ever had to boast of, and such a one as, it is much to be feared, will never be seen again after Mr. Kemble shall have quitted it. He never played it better, and the applause was genuine and enthusiastic.

In 'The Barber of Seville,' Miss Inverarity gave evidence of improvement both in singing and acting. The same may fairly be said of Mr. Wilson, though not to the same extent. Mr. Pen-son was so excessively mercurial in *Figaro*, that we wondered where he found breath for his music; he managed, however, to do so, and was much applauded. Mr. Reynoldson, from Edinburgh, who made his first appearance in *Doctor Bartolo*, was well received. He has evidently much stage experience, and did not require any allowance to be made for him on the score of timidity. He acted the part sufficiently well, and he possesses a bass voice of considerable extent and power, but he divides it very unequally with his audience, and keeps far too great a share to himself.

THE OLYMPIC.

A light one-act burletta, called 'I'll be your Second,' was brought out here on Monday night for Mr. Liston. It was completely successful. Mr. Placid, a gentleman who, like most others, prefers eating to fighting, but who, unlike most others, is not ashamed to acknowledge it, takes up his abode in the vicinity of the Bois de Boulogne (the Chalk Farm of Paris), in order that he may watch for intended duels, effect an amicable arrangement, and, as a natural consequence, dine with the parties. Being poor as well as pacific, this occupation suits him exactly. Of course, several opportunities are offered him for interference, and his manner of carrying his little plans into effect was irresistibly droll. The piece is as light as a feather; Mr. Liston's genuine humour was responded to by their good-humour; and all went off so like a bottle of champagne, that everybody seemed to want a "second."

THE PLAY-BILLS.

OUR readers may have noticed that we have rather a fancy for looking after offences committed against His Majesty's English, and other absurdities in the bills of the Patent Theatres. We had a word or two upon these matters last week; the present is rather more fertile in subjects for comment. The bill of Tuesday morning last, had this announcement:—

"This evening, their Majesties' servants will revive for the first time these twelve years, Garrick's comedy of the 'The Country Girl.'" Now, the comedy is not Garrick's, but Wycherly's. Putting that aside, however, we had no idea that their Majesties' servants have been torpid so long. One other little remark in the way of caution, and we cross to the other house—let everybody take care, for the wild beasts are all coming out on Monday.

The Covent Garden bill of Friday, in announcing the 'Barber of Seville' for repetition, says, "Doctor Bartolo, Mr. Reynoldson—his second appearance—in which character, he will introduce two songs from the Italian Opera, adapted to the English stage for the second time"—Query—who spoiled them the first?

The same bill tells us, that "all play-bills issued without the name of W. Reynolds, are not to be relied on for their correctness." Some of them, then, of course are—Query, which? Again we should say, that anybody's bills may be relied on "for their correctness."

"THE FOURTH ESTATE."

WE feel it right to say a few words headed as above in consequence of the absurd remarks of the reporters to some of the morning papers touching the want of accommodation for them at the Olympic Theatre upon the night of its opening. *The Herald*, in particular, assumed a most amusing tone of indignation, and vented its anger in a strain which would have provoked nothing but a smile from reflecting people, had it not been accompanied by coarse accusations against the management for cupidity, &c., accusations as unbecoming as they were unjust. What was Madame Vestris's principal offence upon the night in question? Truly, one of which proprietors of theatres are now-a-days but seldom guilty, yet is it one of which they would all fain be so six times a week—she had her house crammed full. "This is the very head and front of her offending." The next offence was, that she did not send a party of the police into the boxes, to drag out some dozen of ladies and gentlemen who had paid for their places, and make room for "the fourth estate," although no portion of that estate had been expended in admission money. If this is not to be done upon full nights, what other mode remains to provide for the personal convenience of these wholesale dealers in the fate of actors, authors, and managers? one and only one—places must be reserved for them throughout the season at every theatre in London, to the annoyance and exclusion of the paying public, in case it should suit their Magnificence to drop in in the course of the evening. In small theatres like the Olympic and Adelphi, the heavy loss this would occasion makes it tantamount to impossible to do so—and even if it were possible, may we not inquire what right they have to expect it? We think we may fairly do so, and, at all events, we will.

We are inclined to think the theatres of as much consequence to the newspapers in the long run, as the newspapers are to the theatres. Formerly, the papers were glad to pay money for leave to insert the performances of the following day: now, the proprietors of theatres pay those of papers to publish them; and, moreover, are obliged to have a Free-list for the "gentlemen of the press," which the increased number of newspapers and other publications has made a heavy tax. We take advantage of this privilege, being content to avail ourselves of a convenience which custom has established; but, we trust, we shall never be found so to presume upon it as to indulge in the preposterous expectation, that exclusive seats are to be reserved for us, or so wanting in good feeling as to accuse any management of cupidity, when it is evident that conduct the very reverse of cupidity must have induced the public to come and crowd us. It is easy to prove our worthy brethren of the quill in the wrong upon their own principle. For whose behoof is it that any management makes them free? For its own, of course! and why? Because it expects advantage from their reports. Well, then, if there is not room for them when they come, and they cannot report, the management must set the money received from those who have paid, against the advantage so lost; and, if the balance is the wrong way, still the management alone suffers, for "the crime carries the punishment with it." The press loses nothing, of course, or it would not thus threaten the theatres with the withdrawal of its patronage. Let us suppose, for a moment, that the proprietors of all theatres, major and minor, were to combine and agree to abolish the Press Free-list, and to send no advertisements to the newspapers: what would be the consequence? Some one paper would forthwith announce, that notices of all the theatres might be found daily in its columns. The sale of that paper would immediately get

up, and the rest would, in self-defence, be obliged to follow its example. Each paper would pay for the admission of its own reporter, and we should hear no more of ridiculous threats against any proprietor for daring to have a full house.

MISCELLANEA

Height of Greenwich Observatory, and the Marshes of the Thames.—It was found by Mr. Lloyd, in his late observations on the height of the River Thames, that a block of stone under the transit instrument in the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, is 153.8 feet above the mean level of the sea. It was also found in these operations, that the marshes near Woolwich Arsenal, to the eastward of the practising ground, are 4.3 feet below those of Yantlet Creek, 6.4 feet below those of Allhallows, 4.1 feet below those of St. Mary's, 3.5 feet below those of Higham, 2.6 feet below those between Northfleet and Gravesend, and 1.2 foot below the Eastern Dartford Creek marshes, being a fall of 1.2 foot, in a distance of 6 miles. The marshes of Greenwich were also found to be half a foot higher than those of Woolwich, and the marshes of Yantlet Creek are half a foot higher than those of Sheerness. The marshes of Woolwich are only 3 feet above the mean level of the sea.

Prize Chronometers.—The annual trial of chronometers, at the Royal Observatory, for the government premiums, has just concluded; and the first, of 2001, has been awarded to Mr. Cotterel for his chronometer, No. 311; the second, of 1701, has been gained by the chronometer, No. 2, of Mr. Charles Frodsham, Change Alley, Cornhill; and the third, of 1501, by the chronometer, No. 665, of Mr. Webster.

Cylindrical Boilers for Steam-boats.—These boilers, recommended by Captain King, R.N., and introduced on board H.M.S. *Echo*, are about to be submitted to experiment, and Lieut. W. N. Symons, of H.M. steamer *Meteor*, is appointed by government to report the result.

The Danish Vulgate.—In the year 1527, the Danish sovereign embraced Protestantism, and his example was universally followed by his subjects. It is somewhat remarkable, that, up to the present day, no earlier translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue, than that which was published four years antecedent to this event, should have been known, even in Denmark itself. Professor Molbech of Copenhagen has, however, at length discovered a version, which was executed by some unknown hand between the years 1470 and 1480; nearly half a century, therefore, before Tyndall published his New Testament. The MS. itself is in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, and contains 319 sheets of paper in small folio, of which Professor Molbech has now laid 210 before the Danish public. It is as literal a translation from the Latin vulgate, as the edition of 1524 was from Luther's version.

Maternal Tenderness.—A sparrow, which had built her nest on the thatch roof of a house, was observed to continue her regular visits long after the time when the young birds had taken their flight. This unusual circumstance continued throughout the year; and in the winter, a gentleman who had all along observed her, determined on investigating its cause. He therefore mounted a ladder and found one of the young ones detained a prisoner, by means of the worsted, which formed part of the nest, having become accidentally twisted round its leg. Being thus incapacitated from procuring its own subsistence, it had been fed and sustained by the continued exertions of its mother. If this be mere instinct what is reason?—*Raleigh Register*.

He that has ears, let him hear.—"An old pilot of the Moluccas," says Pigafetta, "assured me of a verity that they had pigmies there who dwelt in caverns, and had ears so very long, that they slept upon one, and covered themselves with the other."

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W.	Thermom. (Max. Min.)	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 6	60 58	29.72	S.W.	Rain, A.M.
Fr. 7	68 54	29.56	S.W.	Clear.
Sat. 8	62 50	29.54	S.W.	Rain, A.M.
Sun. 9	64 51	29.50	S.S.to S.	Cloudy.
Mon. 10	66 51	29.40	Ditto.	Ditto.
Tues. 11	54 49	29.30	S.W.	Ditto.
Wed. 12	66 51	Stat.	SW.to S.	M. Rain.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulus, Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus, Nimbus.

Nights and Mornings, for the greater part, rainy.
Mean temperature of the week, 59.5°.

Astronomical Observations.

Mercury in Perihelium on Saturday.
Jupiter stationary on Monday.
Moon in Apogee on Tuesday, 1h. p.m.
Venus's geoc. long. on Wed. 12° 5' in Libra.
Mars's — — — 12° 27' in Libra.
Jupiter's — — — 12° 31' in Aquarius.
Sun's — — — 18° 24' in Libra.
Length of day on Wed. 10h. 52m.; decreased, 5h. 42m.
Sun's horary motion, 2' 28". Logarithmic number of distance on Friday, .099475.

The Meteorological Journal of last week having been omitted, we insert the following summary:—
Highest temp. of the wk. 72° Winds southerly.
Lowest 52 Weather cloudy and wet.
Mean 61.5 Pr. Clouds—Cumulus, Cu-
Mean atmosph. pres. 29.30 multist. Cirrostr. Nimbus.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—Selections from the Edinburgh Review, comprising Articles in that Journal, from its commencement to the present time. Edited by Maurice Cross.

Essay on Cholera Morbus, as now prevailing, especially in St. Petersburg, and other Towns of the Russian Empire. By George William Lefevre, M.D.
The Traditions of Lancashire: Second Series. By J. Roby.

The Sacred History of the World, from the Creation to the Deluge, attempted to be philosophically considered. By Sharon Turner.

Reflections on the Politics, Intercourse, and Trade, of the Ancient Nations of Africa—Carthaginians—Ethiopians—Egyptians. From the German of A. H. Heeren.

A Manual of the History of Philosophy. From the 8th German edition of Tennemann, by the Rev. A. Johnson, M.A.

The Truth of the Gospel History, argued from our Lord's Conduct, with reference to his Crucifixion. By the Rev. A. Johnson, M.A.

An Historical Sketch of the Origin of English Prose Literature, and of its Progress till the Reign of James the First. By William Gray, Esq.

Just published.—Parker's Passengers; a Dialogue on a Tour in North Wales, Vol. I. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Hemnell's Forms of Declarations, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Ivimey's Memoirs of William Fox, Esq. 18mo. 2s.—Neale's Researches of the Linnaean Doctrine of Animate Contagions, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Davies's National Drawing-Book in Lithography, 7s.—Keach's Travels of True Godliness, with Notes and Memoir, by Malcolm, new edit. 18mo. 2s.—Literary Souvenir for 1832, 18mo. 12s.; 8vo. India proofs, 11. 4s.—New Year's Gift for 1832, 8s.—Juvenile Forget-Me-Not for 1832, 8s.—The Amulet for 1832, 12s.; Illustrations to Ditto, 11. 10s.; India proofs, before letters, 21. 10s.—The Winter's Wreath for 1832, 12s.; Ditto Proofs on India paper, 11. 4s.—Friendship's Offering for 1832, 12s.; Illustrations to Ditto, 15s.; India Proofs, before letters, 11. 11s. 6d.—Valpy's Third Greek Delectus, or Analecta Græca Majora, with English Notes, 8vo. 14s. 6d.—Meyers's Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, 6s.—The Bravo, 3 vols. small 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Lavallée's Memoirs of Napoleon, 2nd edit., 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s.—Moore's Dictionary of Quotations, sm. 8vo. 12s.—Forget-Me-Not, for 1832, 12s.; India proofs, 8vo. 11. 4s.; Illustrations to ditto, proofs, 11. 1s.; India proofs before letters, 11. 10s.—Sister's Budget, 2 vols. sm. 8vo. 11. 1s.

Errata.—In No. 205, the word *battle* was misprinted *bottle* in the Wine Song of Kerner, first stanza.

In No. 206, the advertisement of the Picturesque Annual stated that the drawings were by "Clarkson and Stanfield"—instead of Clarkson Stanfield.—In the List of New Books, Leach's Translations of Gregory and Celsus, the size and price should have been, 18mo. 8s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

LIVING ARTISTS, No. 8.—*Henry Howard*, next week.

The 'False Step,' 'Friendship's Offering,' and other works, received too late for this week.

An Admirer.—We should be obliged by the loan of the work, and should like privately to be informed of our correspondent's name and address.

Thanks to W.; R. J. S.; our friend at Sheffield; to 'A Cantab'; to another 'Cantab' and old friend, for all his servicable exertions. He shall hear from us shortly. But, above all, especial thanks to

The Proprietors of *The Literary Gazette*.

Numberless inquiries have been made, by anxious and kind friends,—friends to the *Athenæum*, we mean, for many are not even known to us personally,—as to the success of the bold experiment of reducing this Paper to one-half its former price. We have felt some reluctance in coming to our confessions on this subject; it might seem a little like boasting, and not a little like falsehood; for all speculations succeed, according to the report of the speculators; and one Sixteen-Quarto-Paper libellous publication, not long since, announced its pre-eminent success, just two numbers before the work was abandoned altogether. We, therefore, have had some scruples in making any declaration upon this subject. This is so generally the case, ever, speak to the purpose, and therefore we return thanks to the gentlemen above named.—The advertising page of a paper is, as is well known, open to the public; and, except that nothing contrary to good feeling, morality, or decency can be admitted, no control is exercised over it by Editor or Proprietors—at this moment we know no more what advertisement will appear to-morrow than our readers. This is so generally the case, that we have seen advertisements reflecting on the conduct of the *Times* paper in that paper; and not long since, we read the following in the *Literary Gazette* itself!

"The atmosphere is tainted by the corruptions of the *London Literary Gazette*—a publication which our contemporary, the *Aberdeen Magazine*, has justly designated the common sewer of the vilest bibliopical corruption."

We thought, and think still, it was not in very good taste to send an advertisement, containing such a passage, to the *Literary Gazette*; but there it appeared July the 30th, only ten weeks ago, however, ourselves, as must be perfectly well known to our readers, have, since the success of this Paper became known, announced "in the way of business," as the Editor of the *Gazette* calls it, all sorts of pleasant projects: the *Gazette* has done the same. "Sixteen Quarto Pages for Two-pence"—"Sixteen Quarto Pages for Two-pence"—have been flourishing away in the *Gazette*; indeed, the considerate courtesy of the amiable people connected with that paper went so far as to announce the *Sixteen Quarto Pages for Two-pence* without charge, among the forthcoming novelties, and with their best good wishes for its success! We, too, and we acknowledge it with all gratitude, were heretofore allowed to make our humble pretensions known through its pages, though only "in the way of business," and we intended doing so again. An advertisement was accordingly sent, and the money paid—but it did not appear! The money has been since returned, with a message that the Proprietors will not insert the advertisements of the *Athenæum*! What! not "in the way of business"? Here is pleasant speculation for the curious—and here is a pleasant answer to all inquiring friends as to our success. But the reader may say, was there no offence in the advertisement? Why, that is hardly a valid objection, seeing the advertisements that have been admitted. Well, but think of a *larger* paper,—we will say nothing of the relative merits, that is for others to judge of,—of a *larger* paper for one half the price—one third the price of the stamped edition! But they admit advertisements—"Sixteen Quarto Pages for Two-pence"; they announce, without remuneration, "Sixteen Quarto Pages for Two-pence." Aye, but these "Juveniles" had not striven for twelve months to win name, and fame, and reputation; they did not come backed with more than one hundred testimonials from the public press. It may be so; and if so, this resolution of the Proprietors of the *Literary Gazette* will answer many questions. That the advertisement itself was not objectionable, our readers shall have an opportunity of judging for themselves: here it is—the money was paid for it, and it was not inserted. It was twice sent, presuming there must have been some mistake:—

"Opening of King's College.—The *Athenæum* Journal of Literature, Science and Art, price Fourpence, of next Saturday, will contain a View of the Front of King's College, a View of the Gateway of King's College, and an Engraving of the Arms of King's College, with an Article explanatory of the System of Education, &c.; and the customary Reviews, Original Papers, &c.—With the *Athenæum* of October the 15th, will be given an extra sheet of eight large quarto pages, with Reviews of the *Annals*, &c.—May be ordered of all Booksellers and Newsmen."

ADVERTISEMENTS

A NEW LIGHT.

JONES'S PATENT PROMETHEANS, for producing Instant Light, without the aid of a Bottle or any apparatus, and, unlike any other fire-box, of whatever description, there is no possibility of their getting out of repair in any climate. This is the most simple and best mode of producing Light ever invented. No bed-room, drawing-room, or counting-house should be without them; for cigar smokers they are unequalled: on coach, horseback, or sea, in any current of air, they still retain their fire, and emit, on being burnt, a fragrant perfume; are perfectly innocent and free from danger.

JONES'S LUCIFERS, OR CHLORATE MATCHES.

This is a very simple and cheap mode of producing Instant Light, simply by drawing the Match through Sand Paper, and will never impair by keeping. 1s. per Box. May be had of all respectable Chemists, Tobacconists, &c. throughout the Kingdom. —As these Matches are now imperfectly imitated by an unprincipled fellow, to prevent disappointment please to observe that others are now substituted without the name and address, "S. Jones, Light House, 201, Strand." The following inventions and improvements by S. Jones, are sold wholesale and retail:—

S. JONES'S NEW PHILOSOPHICAL PASTILE, For perfuming and disinfecting dining, drawing, and bed rooms; the most simple and elegant Pastile ever invented, for large parties or crowded apartments. They will be found to emit the most fragrant perfume that can be imagined. They burn with any kind of spirituous perfume, such as Eau de Cologne, Lavender Water, &c., which may be varied at pleasure. The expense of burning is not One Penny per Hour.

S. JONES'S ETNAS,

for boiling half a pint of water in three minutes.

BACHELOR'S DISPATCH,

for boiling a quart of water, and cooking a steak, chop, or eggs, in nine minutes.

PERIPURIST CONJUGATORS, and every description of PORTABLE KITCHENS, for ships, boats, gipsy and water parties from 10s. to 14 guineas, to cook from one to twenty dishes. Merchants and Captains will find it to their interest to visit the LIGHT HOUSE, 201, STRAND.—N.B. The New Kitchen is kept open on Tuesdays and Fridays, from one to three o'clock.

THE CELEBRATED WINTER COUGH

AND ASTHMATIC REMEDY. This invaluable Medicine (a favourite Prescription of a very eminent Physician), has for a considerable time been duly appreciated by a respectable circle of private friends, and a large portion of the public, who have all recommended it with the most astonishing success to their personal acquaintance, unfortunately afflicted with TROUBLE-SOME COUGHS. By adhering to the prescribed mode of taking this invaluable Specific, Expectoration has been produced, Irritation allayed, and effectual Relief afforded. Many an unfortunate sufferer, who, for weeks, has been unable to procure repose, has, after only once taking this remedy, enjoyed comfortable rest, and that, too, without the admixture of laudanum, or any other opiate.

The following are some of the Testimonials in favour of this invaluable remedy—the originals may be seen on application at No. 37, Fetter-lane:—

"Dear Sir,—I am happy to have it in my power to add my testimony to the beneficial effects resulting from your Cough Remedy. I have been annoyed the whole winter by an inveterate Cough; after taking one of your large bottles of the Remedy, I was exceedingly relieved, and a second perfected the cure. I am recommending it to my friends, and all who have used it have been relieved by it. You may make any reference to me you may think proper relative to it."

"I am, Dear Sir, yours, very truly,"

"J. R."

"Sir,—I beg to inform you, that for several years I have been troubled with a bad cough, and last winter had the good fortune to procure some of your valuable Cough Mixture, and from which I found immediate relief, and have since recommended it to many of my acquaintances, who likewise found benefit by taking some of it. I shall be happy to add my humble testimony to its efficacy in all cases that have come to my knowledge."

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,"

"J. H."

"To Mr. E. Harker. Sold (by appointment) by E. Harker, 37, Fetter-lane; J. Sanger, 150, Oxford-street, and by all respectable Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom. In Bottles at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., and the larger bottles holding twice the quantity of the Medicine contained in the smaller ones."

None are genuine unless signed by E. Harker.

BAKER and MACQUEEN'S CONCENTRATED SOLUTIONS OF THE CHLORIDES OF SODA and LIME, warranted always of uniform strength, and prepared strictly according to the formula of the DISCOVERER, M. LABARRAQUE, of Paris, to whom mankind is indebted for the discovery of an agent most extensive in its application, and little short of miraculous in its effects.

Without taking up the time of the public by printing nonsense about labels and wrappers, where no exclusive right exists, Baker and Macqueen are content to pledge themselves that the genuine articles will be found inside their bottles, they having determined to adhere pertinaciously to the directions which M. Labarraque has given.

As the robber is often the first to cry "Stop thief," so are those who palm off the inventions of others for their own discoveries always the foremost to charge with imitation those whom they have servilely copied.

THE PRINCIPAL PROPERTIES OF THE CHLORIDES ARE, To prevent infection from Small-pox, Measles, Cholera Morbus, Scarlet and Typhus Fever, &c.

To keep Meat, Fish, and Game sweet in the hottest weather, and to restore them when spoiled.

To purify bad or dirty Water.

To disinfect Sick Chambers and all crowded Places.

To destroy Garden Insects.

To remove Stains from Linens.

To correct all offensive Odours, from whatever cause arising; &c. &c. &c.

May be had of all Wholesale Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors; and sold retail by all respectable Chemists, Grocers, Oilmen, &c. In Quart Bottles—Lime, 2s.; Soda, 2s. 6d.; accompanied by full directions for use in all cases.

201, STRAND.

MILLER'S PATENT CANDLES.

MILLER and SONS respectfully inform the Nobility and Gentry, that they have obtained His Majesty's Royal Letters Patent for an Improvement in Wax, Spermaceti, and Composition Candles. The peculiar advantage of the invention consists in a circle of glass being introduced into the candle, so as to form a complete guard round the wick, protecting it from every particle of dirt and ash, by means of which it will burn throughout with a superior light, and without guttering, or soot, as to be snuffed. No extra charge is made for these candles, which are sold only by the Patentees, Miller and Sons, (Successors to Mr. Giosop), 179, Piccadilly, opposite Burlington House.

APPROVED MEDICINES sold by Messrs. BUTLER, Chemists, Cheap-side, Corner of St. Paul's, and their Agents in the Country.

BUTLER'S FLUID EXTRACT OF SENNA.—A Mild Aperient, more particularly adapted for Females and Children. This preparation is four times the strength of the infusion of the Colleges; it is composed of Senna and other mild Aperients, as Cassia, Pulp, Manna, &c. and Aromatics. In order to remove the objections of taste and smell, the flavour of the ingredients is so concealed by the mode of preparing it, that unless a child were told that it is medicine, it would be difficult for it to distinguish any disagreeing taste in it. It has been prescribed by some of the most eminent practitioners, and found to answer all the purposes for which the *Infusion* and the *Lentive Electuary* are usually administered, with this superiority, that it will keep for any length of time, and is especially adapted for Family Medicine Chests, and for immediate use under all circumstances. The BLACK DRAUGHT can be prepared in an instant with this preparation according to the directions which accompany it. In Bottles, at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

CHING'S WORM LOZENGES.—The extraordinary efficacy of these Lozenges in cases of Worms, as well as in the Obstructions in the Bowels, and every disorder where cleansing physic is required, is so universally known, and has been publicly acknowledged by so many persons of distinction in society, that it is unnecessary here to enlarge on their peculiar virtues. In Packets, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.

BUTLER'S COOLING APERIENT POWDERS.—These Powders produce an Effervescent Draught extremely refreshing and grateful to the palate, as well as at the same time a mild and cooling Aperient, peculiarly adapted to relieve flatulency, heartburn, and Nausea, and counteract Acidity in the Stomach. When taken after too free an indulgence in the luxuries of the table, the usual disagreeable effects are prevented. In Boxes, at 2s. 6d. and 2s.

TOWERS'S STOMACHIC ESSENCE.—Probably the safest and most certain Sedative and Antispasmodic ever presented to public notice, and most effectual in Nervous Palpitations, Difficulty of Breathing, and Hysterical Affections. In Bottles, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

BUTLER'S FLUID EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA—for making the Decoction as it may be required, in a superior manner, instantly and economically. It is used as an alterative in Scrofula, Scurvy, Secondary Syphilis, and other cutaneous Diseases, and as a remedy to correct the improper use of Mercury. In Bottles, at 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 20s.

TOWERS'S SOLUTION OF CAMPHOR.—An elegant preparation of one of the best Medicines of the whole Materia Medica, by which pure Camphor may be given in the fluid form of a Draught or Julep. It thus produces refreshing sleep, eases pain, calms the system, removes recent Colds, and may often be given with effect where opiates wholly fail. In Bottles, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

BUTLER'S CARDIAC TINCTURE OF TURKEY RHUBARB.—A warm and powerful Laxative, adapted to Gouty Constitutions, and recommended in the winter season to all delicate persons, in preference to saline aperients. It is also a most valuable medicine for those complaints of the Bowels so prevalent during the summer and autumn. In Bottles, at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

POWER'S OINTMENT FOR RING-WORM OR SCALD HEAD.—Of all diseases to which Children are subject, none are more tedious and difficult of cure than those of Ring-worm and Scald Head. Parents and others who have the care of children, will fully estimate and gladly avail themselves of a preparation which may be considered a specific for their cure. For some years the proprietor has extensively used this preparation himself, and has never, in one instance, known it to fail. In Pots, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

TOWERS'S FLUID EXTRACT OF BARK.—In the Fluid Extract of Bark are combined the fine and essential qualities of the purest Peruvian Bark, viz. the Quinine, Cinchonine, and valuable astringent principle in a concentrated state; it thus affords the readiest means of preparing Bark Draughts of any strength with the utmost facility. In Bottles, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

BUTLER'S CITRATED KALI, OR LEMONADE POWDER.—A tea-spoonful of this powder mixed with a tumbler of water, instantly forms a most grateful and perfect Saline Draught. It is recommended as a most useful article in the sick chamber, for *erecting Vomiting*, and *reversing Stickness of the Stomach*. It forms a *grateful and salutary drink for patients*, and when freely given at intervals in a state of effervescence, it is found materially to allay the heat and thirst attending Fever and Inflammatory Disease. In Bottles, at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

DIXON'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.—As a mild and effectual remedy in those affections which have their origin in a morbid action of the liver and biliary organs, namely, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Head-ache, Flatulence, Heartburn, Constipation, &c., these Pills (which do not contain mercury in any form) have met with more general approval than any other medicine. In Boxes, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 20s.

BUTLER'S VEGETABLE TOOTH-POWDER.—This Dentifrice (composed of vegetables, without the admixture of any mineral, or pernicious ingredient whatever), has so long been in general use, as an approved and safe remedy, that it is unnecessary to offer any further recommendation in favour of it. In Boxes, at 2s. 6d.

BUTLER'S IMPROVED DAFY'S ELIXIR.—This preparation (made with the finest brandy) will be found much superior to any other. In half-pint Bottles, at 2s. 6d.

BUTLER'S CAYENNE LOZENGES.—For Habitual Sore Throats, Hoarseness, Relaxation of the Uvula, &c.; also a refreshing stimulus in Fatigue, Field Sports, &c. In Boxes, at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

The above Medicines, when genuine, will have "BUTLER, CHEAP-SIDE," engraved on the Government Stamp attached to each Package.

Supplement to THE ATHENÆUM

No. 207—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1831.

GRATIS.

THE ANNUALS.

The Winter's Wreath for 1832. London, Whittaker; Liverpool, Smith.

This is a Summer Garland rather than a Winter Wreath: here we have the roses of the sunny part of the year; but nothing which smacks of frost or snow. Even the handsome wreath, within which, as in an enchanted circle, we have written the name of one we love, is wholly composed of the flowers of May and June—surely they are not flowers of frost: nay, the lady who plays the Visionary, or those moving through the dance in some of the very beautiful engravings of this pretty book, have no fear of winter upon them: they show their long round white necks like so many swans sporting in a sunny stream, whereas they should be blowing at their nails, with infant icicles dependent from their locks for winter jewels. This is a summer wreath, and as such we shall treat it. With an eye like a loadstone-needle, dipping for pieces of fine steel amid much sand, we began to make our way through the volume, fastening by a sort of instinct upon whatever was fragrant and fresh and fair: and truly we were not a little surprised to find so much good poetry and so much good prose in a book which boasts of but few names of note in literature. Of the poetry, that by the Chorleys and the Howitts is most to our liking; concerning the best prose, we have not made up our minds, though we are not insensible to the merit of the contributions of Hartley Coleridge and the author of 'Selwyn.'

As this is the only embellished Annual which a provincial town has ventured to put forth, we wished to treat it with gentleness; nor did we touch it till we had appeased our appetite for carnage upon delinquents, who promised more and performed less than our good friends of Liverpool. Nay, we think some of the flowers which compose this Wreath are at least equal to most of those raised in the forcing-frames of the metropolis; we are not sure that the latter will have poetry surpassing the 'Wreck upon Cape Despair,' by J. R. Chorley, nor prints superior to the 'Village Suitor,' by Stothard, and 'Abbeville,' by Roberts. We hate classical subjects, but not modern subjects treated classically: we therefore pass over 'Proserpine,' by the Author of *Frankenstein*, though it contains what critics call powerful poetry. Of course your men of Greek, and Archdeacon Wrangham, who chooses to write in Latin, will call us Goths—and so we are—of right descent from Hengist or Ella; our taste is essentially English; we are children of latitude, and believe that capital subjects for either poetry or prose may be found without travelling for; and moreover we are of opinion that Ceres, and Proserpine, and Iris, and Ino, and Juno, and others of that great heathen family, have encumbered our literature too long. Let all heathen flowers hereafter be gathered into a chaplet by gloomy Dis, and hung over Tar-

tarus as a nosegay for those below. We have something else to say before we make our extracts. Liverpool is a literary place, and had men who established, and has men who maintain her reputation; politics, it is true, distracts her head now and then a little, and her sons are much busied in merchandize. We like her not the worse for either. The first is the offspring and the protector of freedom, and the latter is the mother of much knowledge. Our love for her Curries and her Roscoes, will always make anything on which her name is written a welcome offering.

CONSEQUENCES,

OR "NOT TOO STRANGE TO BE TRUE."

By the Author of 'Selwyn,' in Blackwood's Magazine.

"There are, I doubt not, even in this era of fastidiousness and refinement, when merriment has become vulgar, and Christmas, with all its train of jocund hilarities, is well nigh doomed to polite oblivion, a few odd mortals, old fashioned enough to hear with satisfaction, that there is still one English household, where Christmas festivities and Christmas gambols maintain their antediluvian alliance, and where the immemorial goose and pie flourish not more perennially than their obsolete accompaniments of blindman's buff, forfeits, and cross-purposes.

"All that can be said in extenuation of such enormities, in the eyes of a polite generation, is, that some of the accomplices in their perpetration are very old, and others very young; that grandpapa enjoys such fooleries because they are a remnant of the manners of his time, and his grandchildren because they are the antipodes to those of their own,—a relief from the eternal quadrille, and spinning waltz, and monotonous *écarté*, within whose frigid precincts youthful spirits are, in this age of proprieties, decorously enthralled.

"But when compelled to add that the frolic is sometimes shared, and the laugh echoed, by culprits, like myself, of no particular age, I can only hope to reconcile the reader to the confession, and to a full-grown game of forfeits, by its penalty—the following whimsical, nevertheless true story.

"The narrator, at Beaulieu Manor, (I wish I could conjure into my circle of listeners the venerable elders, and delighted youngsters, the huge blazing logs, and grim family pictures of that old English baronial hall!) was a pleasant middle-aged bachelor friend of the family, who, having lived a good deal abroad, was less shocked with, and more at home in *jeux de société*, than most of his grave and matter-of-fact countrymen.

"The scrape to which we are indebted for his forfeit story, occurred at the game of 'Consequences,' in which, as is well known to my juvenile readers, two persons are chosen, named, and placed in some ludicrous situation, by successive individuals, each ignorant of what has gone before; while on the last of the party falls the whimsical task, not only of writing down the 'consequences,' but afterwards proving their legitimacy. There is in this, as in most old-fashioned games, no great scope for brilliancy or variety of ideas; and when Miss — and Mr. — had been, according to stale custom, deposited together in a hackney-coach, and matrimony proclaimed as the *hacknied* 'consequence,'—nobody anticipated much amusement from so lame and impotent a conclusion.

"But when Mr. D— (the bachelor before mentioned) was called upon to say, 'why a hackney coach should necessarily have any share in bringing about a wedding?' he unexpectedly got out of the dilemma by answering, 'Because, to my certain knowledge, it brought about one not many years ago. My cousin Emma (whom you have all heard me speak of) would, I verily believe, have been single yet, but for a hackney coach, in which—to make it more of a riddle—she never had set foot in her life!'

"Do tell us! pray tell us!" was echoed on every side, while the children clustered like bees round the good-natured bachelor; and a true *bond fide* story of love and marriage was hailed by all, as the happiest among the evening's 'consequences.'

"You have all heard of the car of Hymen," began Mr. D—, with mock solemnity, 'by some eminent authors interpreted to mean a coach and six, but by no grovelling scribbler ever degraded to the unaristocratic level of a hackney-coach! Yet by one of those proscribed vehicles, and a very rickety one moreover, did Cupid achieve his well-nigh despaired-of triumph over the heart of my diffident cousin.

"It is very natural for heiresses,—late ones especially, on whom wealth has dropped when youth's first bloom is a little on the wane,—to be distrustful of the tardy devotion which that bloom failed to awaken, or at least to bring to the decisive point; and when Emma Beecham, on becoming mistress of thirty thousand pounds, refused, right and left, scores of old acquaintances grown suddenly quick-sighted to her charms, and of new ones, whom the bare rumour of them brought in ready-made transports to her feet,—nobody dreamed of wondering or of blaming her. Emma had more reason than most women for diffidence in her own attractions, for she was, though agreeable, no beauty, and had been eclipsed all her life by one of the most dazzling sisters that ever threw another into the shade. Whoever has lived in the house, from childhood, with consummate loveliness, can guess the feeling that made Emma come to look upon her sister as everything, and herself nothing; and (to her honour be it spoken!) she could do this not only without one spark of envy or jealousy, but to the unjust disparagement of her own really pleasing person, and peculiarly winning manners.

"For years Julia fluttered on, "the observed of all observers," admired, caressed, celebrated,—but not married, (for she rejected as fast as her sister, though not like her from any *false modesty*) while all this time Emma would have been honestly astonished had so much as one of her sister's rejected suitors fallen to her humble lot. Unused to admiration, she had never expected it; and doubtful of her power even to inspire affection, she was blind to it when it really came.

"During Julia's blaze of celebrity, and Emma's unobtrusive domestic usefulness, there half lived in the house a cousin Walter, a subaltern on leave, with no fortune but his pay, and no eyes but for his cousin Julia. So at least thought Julia, and the world, and Emma, who only regretted, with her usual sweet-tempered sympathy for others, that Julia's smiles, and the Lieutenant's sighs, were evidently both destined to be "wasted on the desert air!" It was about as likely that a thriving merchant would bestow his daughter on a penniless subaltern, as that

the lovely Julia would consent to be thus disposed of; and Emma, convinced of the impossibility, both felt and expressed no small compassion for the hopeless lover.

"It was of a piece with her usual kindness, and proved wonderfully efficacious; so much so, that when at length the idol of B— condescended to give her hand to one of its most dashing traders, cousin Walter was enabled to appear at the ceremony, (which took place the day before his return to his regiment) with a composure that surprised every one, Emma especially. To this sympathizing friend the young man clung the whole evening with marked devotion; and at parting, wrung her hand with a warmth of gratitude, which made it difficult for her to forget him.

"But she had soon other calls, and pressing ones, on her attention and feelings. After little more than a year of delusive prosperity, Julia's speculative husband failed, and fled to America, leaving her with an infant daughter as pretty, and not more helpless than herself. While not long after, by a strange turn of Fortune's capricious wheel, the quiet Emma became unexpectedly an heiress. An old miser, who did business with her father, and whom, when threatened with an apoplectic fit, she had once quietly, but judiciously, succoured, required the service with his whole fortune; and if ever Emma blessed Heaven and him for the windfall, it was when her father became involved in the mercantile distress of the day, and Julia was thrown a pensioner on her bounty.

"When both were handsomely and irrevocably provided for, and not till then, Emma listened,—but with the coldness of one whose credulity had never, even in youth, been fed by idle compliment—to the thousand and one *disinterested* admirers of her bank stock and three per cents. Their stale speeches and empty professions of love made her sick. One squeeze, one mere friendly squeeze, of cousin Walter's hand, was fairly worth them all!

"And now began Emma, who had never built any castles for herself, to build one, as usual, for others. Julia's husband, a worthless swindler, was happily no more; and Walter, the Gazette told her, was no longer a lieutenant, but a lieutenant-colonel, thanks to his own brilliant merits, and the rapid promotion of our last bloody struggle. On this rank, and Julia's ample provision, they might marry with every prospect of comfort; while Emma's sober visions of happiness lay in witnessing theirs, and adopting (as her share in the arrangement) the little girl, (her god-daughter,) who might prove an incumbrance in the new *ménage*.

"This child, now eight years old—for time had not stood still during all these changes—she had already placed at school; and when brought home for a holiday, half blamed herself for rejoicing in her evident preference for a kind aunt over a languid indifferent mother.

"Things were in this state, when Colonel Walter Pennington returned from abroad to his native city, to find such revolutions in the domestic circle. To the scandal of some, and the surprise of all, (of Emma most especially,) this gallant chivalric-looking soldier, who—resembling Orlando in prowess, it was presumed must emulate him in constancy—at once laid quiet, but determined, siege to his heiress cousin; no more remembering the still lovely and still smiling widow Allerton, than if no such person as the sighing lieutenant had ever existed.

"One individual,—one alone, among the hundreds who thought themselves privileged to comment on this conduct, did Walter entrust with the key to its mystery; and that one, alas! could not believe him, when, on the honour of a gentleman and a soldier, nay more, of a cousin and a lover, Walter protested to her that Emma, and Emma alone, had, from nearly the com-

mencement of their former acquaintance, been the real, though unsuspected mistress of his affections.

"In vain did he remind her of a thousand little preferences, attributed at the time to mere friendship and gratitude—in vain bid her appeal to Julia, whether he had ever breathed to her one word of direct attachment—in vain did he recall to her recollection that parting clasp of the hand, which he said (and said truly) had nerved him on the battle field, and haunted him on the midnight bivouac during the whole of his eventful campaigns! In vain did he urge her as a test of his sincerity and disinterestedness, to make over the half, nay the whole if she pleased, of her wealth, to her less fortunate sister. He was now, thank God! independent, and could afford to marry where his heart had been devoted long before he heard of her unlucky inheritance. Emma could not be persuaded. The thing was too romantic, too incredible, too *delightful* for belief! So, to make a long story short, by persisting to look on Julia as his real choice, and offering to portion her with half her fortune accordingly, she was making a worthy man very miserable, and sacrificing to mistaken modesty and diffidence, her own decided partiality and future happiness.

"It is hard to say when, if at all, 'the course of true love' between them might ever 'have run smooth,' had not Cupid, in his hackney-coach, as aforesaid, come lumbering up to their assistance! One night (I am really a little ashamed of my true story) Julia's little girl, a great pet of the Colonel's of course, was sent home from school in a hackney-coach, attended by her aunt's old confidential footman. The coach broke down, as coaches will do, though those of B— are really very respectable, and all little Emma's school-girl paraphernalia of gilt lockets, and cornelian hearts, went rolling about among the straw in the bottom. 'Miss' being first gently deposited in another coach alongside, every crevice and cranny of the stranded vehicle was duly searched by careful John for her stray property: and, like the lady who gained a host of diamonds by the breaking of her necklace at a French Court ball, little Emma got *more than her own* by the transaction. What this treasure was, will be seen in due time, sure I am Walter Pennington would not have given it for all Golconda!

"A few days after came aunt Emma's birthday, and niece Emma, as a matter of course, was invited on the occasion; so was cousin Walter, who, too high-spirited to brook distrust of his sincerity, was yet too much in love with the modesty that dictated it to refuse to grace his cruel mistress's birthday. He had, however, nearly worked himself up to leave B— and trust to time and her own heart for his recall, when, on the removal of the cloth, the health of his cousin, proposed by one of the privileged circle of old friends present, gave the signal for a whole chorus of sonnets and madrigals, anagrams and acrostics, in honour of the heroine of the day, in which friendship, as usual, was more conspicuous than poetry.

"A fig for your verses," cried little Emma, as lively as clever indulged children usually are, 'mine are worth a hundred of them.' 'Yours!' exclaimed every one, 'pray let us hear them directly.' The little girl did not need twice bidding. She drew out of her bosom a marvellously ancient looking scrap of paper, as yellow with age as a cake of gilt ginger-bread, and read from it a copy of birthday-verses, so rapturously, yet sincerely impassioned, that if ever Love's language came to and from the heart, it was owned to be so on the present occasion.

"Beautiful! charming! how appropriate!" was echoed all around, when the lines, thus miraculously descriptive of the unobtrusive

hostess, were finished by the child. 'And aunt,' cried she, handing her the paper, 'they really are for you. See, here is *To Emma* written on the top!'

"Cousin Walter, on whose ear the lines had fallen, like some dimly remembered melody of former years, no sooner heard these words than all flashed upon him. 'To Emma, indeed!' exclaimed he, as he gazed over her shoulder on the well-remembered paper. 'Cousin, this hand is mine; these verses, thus wonderfully restored to their original destination, were written on that birthday of your's, nine years ago, which witnessed your sister's marriage and our separation. I thought to have given them into your hand at parting, but my courage failed me; and in the agitation of my feelings, I lost them on my way home. Providence, which sent them here as by miracle, to convince you of my affection, alone knows how they have been preserved!'

"I know, too, cousin Walter!" whispered little Emma, nestling up between him and her aunt. 'Old John found them when grubbing for my things in the broken-down hackney-coach'—'Where I must have dropped them nine years ago!' exclaimed the transported lover, snatching her rapturously up in his arms; 'we'll go to be married in that very coach, Emma, and no other, and you shall be of the party.'

"So ends my story," added the bachelor, looking round on his somewhat incredulous audience. 'I was at the wedding, and have seen the paper, and can vouch that its perfectly unsullied, though time-stained appearance, bore testimony to its nine years' embalmment in the unsentimental, but henceforth hallowed, recesses of a hackney-coach!'

THE YOUNGER SON.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The younger son to his father spoke,

"My home is weary grown;

Give me the portion of thy goods

Will one day be mine own:

"And let me go into the world;

I long its joys to see;

I long to spend my youthful years

Among the fair and free."

"My son! my son!" the old man said,

With a low, prophetic voice,

"Tarry at home in quietness,

Thine is an evil choice:

"Tarry at home in quietness!

I have but children twain;

And ye are life unto my soul!"

But the old man spoke in vain.

Then up he went to his iron chest,

That was locked with an iron key,

And he took seven bags of fine red gold,

And three of the white money.

"And this," he said, "is half my wealth;"—

And he carried them one by one,

And set them down, a goodly row,

Before his younger son;—

"I gained it, boy, without a crime;

I've hoarded it for thee;

And as by honest means it came,

So let its spending be!"

• • • • •

In the city is a festive stir,

And riot fills the air;

And who beside the youngest son

Can make such revel there?

A thousand guests go thronging up

A lordly staircase bright;

And that young man, throughout his hall,

Hears dancing feet so musical

Make merry sound all night.

Each day on couches soft he lies,

With gold cloth at his feet;

And a hundred meats are carved for him

When he sits down to eat.

He takes his wine in a golden cup;

With a free hand wastes his store:

Thou prodigal, he warned in time—

Thy seven bags are but four!

There are one and twenty gentlemen
 Around the table sitting:
 Ah, younger son! dare not that throw,
 Each villain doth his business know,
 And 'tis for thy outwitting!
 He's thrown the dice—he's lost the game!
 And now he sits apart:
 There's a burning anger in his brow;
 There's madness in his heart.
 He lifts the wine-cup to his lips,
 A fevered man is he;
 He drains it, and he filleth still,
 And drinketh desperately!

"Ho, fellow!" saith the midnight watch,
 Within the city street;
 "Whence come at such an hour?" they ask
 Of one they nightly meet.

'Tis he—'tis he, the younger son;
 How changed in mood and frame!
 And now he leads a sinful life,
 A sinful life of shame.

And he hath spent the seven bags
 That were filled up to the brim;
 And the three alone, of white money,
 Are only left to him.

Well, younger son, since it is so,
 Thine evil ways amend;
 And where thou spent a thousand pounds,
 A penny thou now must spend.

Thy years are few and thou art strong;
 Come, yield not to dismay!
 —Thou fool!—hast with a madman's hand
 Thy last mite thrown away?

Now God have mercy on thy need!
 With man is little grace,
 For they, with whom thou spent thy gold,
 Will mock thee to thy face.

He heard the laugh, as he went by;
 He saw them turn aside,
 As from a creature pestilent;
 And in each place, where'er he went,
 He met the taunt of pride.

They would not give—they would not lend;
 They mocked him one and all;
 Then passed he through the city gate,
 And laid him down as day grew late,
 Without the city wall.

Now, younger son, can this be thou!
 Dost herd among the swine!
 Thine eyes are meek, thy brow is pale,
 An altered heart is thine!
 And thou hast bowed to solemn thoughts,
 That through thy spirit ran,
 As in the wilds thou sat'st apart,
 A solitary man.

Aye, prodigal! sweet tears are these;
 And this stripped heart is sent
 By God, in token of his grace;
 Look up, poor penitent!
 Bethink thee of thy father's house—
 Heaven's holy peace is there;
 The very servants of that place
 Have bread enough to spare.

Up, thou dost perish in the wild!
 And there is one doth keep
 Watch for thee with a yearning love,
 A memory fond and deep.

—The younger son rose up, and went
 Unto his native place;
 And bowed, a meek, repentant man,
 Before his father's face.

The Landscape Annual for 1832. Edited
 by Thomas Roscoe. London, Jennings &
 Chaplin.

It is not without regret that we read, in the few observations prefixed to this volume, that "Switzerland, and the northern districts of Italy, have already been delineated in the 'Landscape Annuals' for 1830 and 1831. The brighter region of the south is now before us; and the fourth volume, for the year ensuing, will complete the Tour of Italy, embracing the most celebrated places situated on the eastern and western rivers of Genoa, with the no less interesting and magnificent scenery of the Val d'Aosta; thus closing the series of Italian landscape, by the passage of the Great St. Bernard, so as to form one connected and uniform work."

This is true, and it rounds a period and a

journey pleasantly; but we say, begin again. A friend of ours, who made the same tour in all the enthusiasm of youth, with a mind exclusively directed to works of art, and who had prepared himself by treasuring in his memory all that had ever been written on the great works scattered over the country, found out, when he was taking a last leave of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, that he was just able to judge for himself, and sighed to think how many months he had lost in seeing with other people's eyes instead of his own. Now, we do not say it is so with Mr. Harding: we mean only, that, having taken the high and beaten track, he is the better qualified to start again, and diverge right and left at his own pleasure. We are quite sure it would be equally gratifying to him and the public; and as to exhausting the subject, that is impossible. The world will never tire of Italy—the variety is endless—its cities are unlike in character—its people in feature and in costume—the country varies from the rich fertile plains of Lombardy and labouring peasants, to the bold rocky cliffs of Terracina, with their aloes and the arbutus wild and beautiful, and scattered palm-trees, and idling bandits; and every tower, and palace, and brick, and stone, and plain, and hill, is sanctified with recollections. We could say much more on this subject, but Mr. Roscoe, in his graceful and pleasant style, has said the same better:—

"Italy must ever be the most attractive of all countries to the traveller; for it has a charm to be found in no other, that, namely, of an almost endless variety in the character of its scenes, and of the details of its multi-form and remarkable history. Within the circle of a few hundred miles, the Italian tourist views cities, each of which might be regarded as the capital of a distant kingdom. Rome has no likeness to any other place either in Italy or the world. Magnificent by its structures of later days, solemn and melancholy by its ruins, it lies buried in the shadows of its former greatness, and its modern edifices derive therefrom a vastness of proportion in appearance which they would not possess if placed in any other situation. An ancient and a modern Rome can only exist in words. The power of her republics and her Caesars will be felt to the last days of her church; and it is not an extravagant conjecture that the influence of its recollections on the imagination of its rulers was the first cause which converted pontiffs into princes, and subjected the eagle to the crosier. But how strange is the contrast between this city and Venice—as changed almost in her state, but bearing her loss of power and dignity like a queen that cared more for her pleasure than for her royalty! And nearly as great is the contrast between her and Naples, whose antiquity is that of the poets, as that of Rome is of the historians; and through whose blue, sunny air, clear and tranquil as a mountain lake, we seem to see to the very depths of her classic ages. And what likeness, even of the remotest kind, can be traced between Naples and Florence—the bright and busy city in which liberty and art triumphed simultaneously, and the splendour of whose triumphs, without any aid either from antiquity or imagination, holds both the reason and the affections in willing captivity to her fame? Different again from these are the learned Bologna—romantic,

ducal Ferrara—Genoa, still looking forth on the sea as if rejoicing in the victories of her admirals—and, lastly, ecclesiastical Milan, unlike any in particular, yet combining, in some respects, the features of all."

We should regret this work being brought to a close if for no other reason than the loss of so pleasant a travelling companion as Mr. Roscoe: his mind is imbued with all the old and scattered learning of Italy: he seems like a local guide, garrulous in the abundance of traditional knowledge: he has gleaned all the strange romance of its history, and he tells it with unaffected ease. After this acknowledgment, it becomes us to allow him to speak, rather than to babble on ourselves—yet it is difficult to do him justice by extract: it is the easy continuous flowing of his narrative that is so pleasant, and we are restricted to a few columns. Take, however, as a specimen,—

The Murder of Beccafumi.

"Andrea del Castagno, an artist of considerable repute, owed much of the success he had met with to the kindness and instructions of his friend Domenico Beccafumi, one of the most beautiful colourists of his time. From what Domenico communicated to him, Andrea suspected that he possessed some secrets in regard to colour, which gave Domenico so proud a pre-eminence in this branch. Ingratiating himself still farther into his confidence, he at length received the utmost proof of friendship which a friend could bestow—a knowledge of the means by which he himself rose to distinction, supposed to have been the secret of painting in oil. Andrea resolved to appropriate it to his own fame, and conceived the horrid idea of murdering the friend to whom he was indebted for it. With terrific rapidity the deed followed the diabolic impulse which inspired it. He knew that Domenico had just rambled out with his lute into the fields: it was evening; and, seizing the instrument of death, he hastened to place himself at a remote spot by which Domenico was accustomed to pass on his return at night-fall.

"There the demon in human shape waited patiently for his victim, wrestling with the relenting pang which ever yields to the desperate purpose of the man of blood. He caught the glimpse of a shadow—he heard a footstep approach—he knew it; and as Domenico passed he struck him with a heavy leaden weight one blow upon the chest. It crushed at once the lute and the breast of his friend, who, uttering a cry, fell to the earth; while Andrea, rushing from the place, regained his apartment, and resumed his work. Scarcely had he seated himself, before two countrymen hastily entered, bearing tidings that a dying man, whom they had found, had directed them to him, beseeching he would hasten to a wounded friend.

"Andrea, affecting the utmost surprise, ran back with them to the place; and the unfortunate Domenico, it is related, actually breathed his last sigh in the murderer's arms. The fact was only revealed when Andrea was on his death-bed; and then with no expression of remorse. What is more singular, he was interred in the exact spot where slept the remains of his victim." p. 104—6.

As a relief to this melancholy tale, we shall give the history of

The Nose of St. Januarius.

"A curious story is related concerning a marble bust which was taken of the face of the Bishop after decapitation, and which served as a model for all the pictures by which the saint has since been delineated. When Puzzuoli was sacked by the Saracens, some of the soldiery,

out of wantonness and contempt for the person of the saint, struck off his nose, and carried it as a trophy on board one of their ships. Immediately there arose so violent a storm that the robbers were prevented from weighing anchor, when some one, more shrewd than his fellows, suggested the possibility of the tempest being occasioned by the nose, which was accordingly cast overboard to propitiate the angry elements. Marvellous to relate, at the moment the nose reached the waters, they instantly became calm, and the pirates proceeded on their voyage. A few days after this event, some fishermen, dragging their nets, observed this nose amongst the rubbish they had brought up; but thinking it merely a common bit of marble, they threw it with other rubbish into the sea. Every time, however, they drew their nets, what should they see, again and again, but this identical nose; until, persuaded that there was something miraculous in its continued recurrence, they carried it to the Bishop of Puzzuoli. The good Bishop, in a moment recognizing it to be the long-lost nose of St. Januarius, was overjoyed at the discovery, and ordered a solemn procession, for the purpose of reinstating the disjointed member in its original position on the face of the reverend martyr! The most wonderful part is not yet related. When the Bishop was yet some distance from the mutilated bust, strange to say, the nose escaped from his hand, and, without human assistance, fixed itself as closely in its original situation as though it had never been dissevered: a small scar only remained to attest the miracle! What renders the story still more curious is, that the clergy, desirous that their saint should not remain without that important member to his physiognomy, had some time before caused another to be manufactured; but such was the extreme delicacy of St. Januarius that he resisted every effort to fix it on, and the attempt was given up, under the conviction that their zeal for the respectable appearance of their patron was evidently disagreeable to him!" p. 226-7.

Though with some very natural prepossessions in favour of the Medici, Mr. Roscoe does not blink at their vices; he draws the line clearly and distinctly between the virtuous citizens of Florence, and the scoundrels who, on the strength of the fame and reputation of those ancestors, afterwards usurped supreme power there. Of all the cabalistical names that were ever used to cheat the world, the most successful has been Medici. Cosmo was a patron of literature and art, because he was conversant with literature and art—the citizen of a free state, and from early life the associate of men of learning and artists; but, from the hour that the Medici, aided by foreign governments, usurped the ducal power, there was an end of both—to make palaces is no more barbarous than to make statues of snow; and this was the only difference in the patronage of a Catherine of Russia, and a Medici when Grand Duke of Florence. The brief biographical sketch is worth extracting of

Cosmo Pater Patriæ.

"The conduct of Cosmo, the eldest son of this wise and venerable old man, was in conformity with the counsel of his father. The government of the city was now strictly republican in its constitution, and whatever authority he or his family exercised was at first so freely granted by the people, that it seemed to be the representative only of their own power. Enjoying, however, as Cosmo did, the general esteem of the citizens, he was more than once exposed to the dangers which the intrigues of ambition so easily excite in a republic. He was at length

even seized, confined in a castle for more than a month, and finally condemned, together with his friends, to banishment for ten years. Another change in the magistracy of the city occasioned his recall after only one year's absence, and he returned with fresh ardour to the work of improving his fellow-citizens by his princely encouragement of the sciences and liberal arts. Under his fostering care, Florence made her first rapid advances in literary glory, and his name appears adorned with the highest encomiums of cotemporary writers. 'You have shown,' says one, 'such humanity and moderation, in dispensing the gifts of fortune, that they seem to have been rather the reward of your virtues and merit than conceded by her bounty. Devoted to the study of letters from your early years, you have by your example given additional splendour to science itself. Although involved in the weightier concerns of state, and unable to devote a great part of your time to books, yet you have found a constant satisfaction in the society of those learned men who have always frequented your house.' By another he is described as a citizen who, whilst he exceeds in wealth every other citizen of Europe, is rendered much more illustrious by his prudence, his humanity, his liberality, and, what is more to our present purpose, by his knowledge of useful literature, and particularly of history.

"Nor was this high praise either dictated or over-coloured by flattery. Cosmo was not only the liberal patron of men of letters, but the permanent benefactor of the city, by first establishing in it a library, designated by the name of the Laurentian. The numerous connexions which he enjoyed by his mercantile transactions with almost every portion of the world, greatly facilitated his views in regard to this admirable undertaking; and Florence became enriched by his means with some of the most valuable manuscripts in existence. 'He corresponded,' says the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, 'at once with Cairo and London, and a cargo of Indian spices and Greek books was often imported in the same vessel.' His example was followed by other wealthy citizens; but Cosmo united their collections to his, and in this manner, more than one library of manuscripts being formed, rendered the most valuable aid to the cause of learning." 76—8.

As a fine contrast to this, we will unroll the family records of the first Grand Duke:

"With the life of Cosmo, the first Grand Duke of Florence, are connected events which proclaim the dark inauspicious reign of tyranny that ensued. The chambers of the old ducal palace, the most sacred edifices, and even the delightful retreats where the father of his country and the great Lorenzo devoted their leisure to rural and literary pursuits, became the scene of tragic passions, and deeds that make the blood run cold. The Duke Cosmo had two sons—Giovanni and Garzia, the latter and younger of whom had conceived a bitter jealousy against his brother. The elder had not yet attained his nineteenth year. They one morning went out to the chase together, and, having withdrawn from the rest of the party, it was not till towards evening that Garzia was observed to return alone. In vain did they search, in vain did they blow the hunter's horn, no Giovanni appeared,—till at length, after a minute search, the body was discovered in a lonely spot deluged in blood.

"These tidings reached the ear of Cosmo, who knew enough to divine the author of the deed,—he had lost his favorite son. He commanded the corpse to be conveyed to a certain chamber, the same which contained the portraits of his two boys.†

† A picture which was afterwards seen by the historian De Thou upon his visit to Florence, and again brought to light by the indefatigable research of the classical and accomplished author of 'Italy.'"

"On the night of that fearful day, fatal to the repose of Cosmo, when all but the mother of these fated youths lay buried in slumber (and she herself did not long survive)—the father, going into Garzia's chamber, commanded him to arise and follow him. In one hand the unhappy tyrant held a key, in the other a lamp; and leading the way, followed by his trembling boy, he entered a dark and gloomy part of the palace. Closing and locking the dungeon door, he took his son by the hand, and, looking him earnestly in the face, questioned him as to the manner in which he had spent the day. But not the least change of colour in the fair boy's cheek betrayed the traces of guilt or fear. The Duke then suddenly lifting up a blood-stained sheet, 'See there,' he cried, 'now know you not your day's work?—now answer me. Blood calls for blood,—a brother's blood; and, unless thou wilt spare him that dread office, the hand of a father must spill it. Ah! dost thou shudder at the sight?—it is all then but too true.' 'Father,' stammered out the youth, 'I stood only upon my guard.' 'Darest thou calumniate him thou hast murdered, and who never injured thee?' interrupted Cosmo;—'he would not have hurt the smallest thing that lives, how much less his brother? It needs be thou must die, or thou wouldst be worse than Cain, and be the slayer of us all.' With these words he seized the dagger from Garzia's belt, the same haply which had drank his brother's blood, and, going on his knees, folded his hands, appealing to heaven for strength to bear him through the terrific task. Then, folding the wretched youth in his arms, he wept long and bitterly upon his neck, breathing out only words of tenderness, yet true to his awful purpose. 'Oh cursed doom—and most cursed father!' he cried out as he thrust his son from him, and, turning away his face, buried the dagger deep in his heart's blood." p. 127—29.

But we must bring our extracts to a close, and shall therefore string together a few scattered Anecdotes.

Buffalmacco.

"Buonamico found he was annoyed by a certain noisy neighbour, the consort of Messer Capo d'Oca—Mr. Goosehead, who began to ply her wheel even earlier than his ancient master had done his brush. It was close against Buffalmacco's bed-head, and clatter-clatter it began at three o'clock every morning. This also he resolved to remedy, and, forthwith boring a hole through the partition wall, he introduced a long hollow cane, by which he could reach the cooking apparatus, and, in the absence of the good housewife, down this pipe he sent such a superabundance of salt into her dinner-pots, that poor Capo d'Oca, on his return, could touch neither soup, fish, flesh, nor pudding, so horribly were they salted. Again and again he entreated she would not put so much salt in his provisions; and, finding the evil only grew worse, in a fit of passion he one day gave her a sound beating. The neighbours, hearing her cries, ran to the place, and Buonamico was among them. On hearing the merits of the case, the cunning painter exclaimed, 'My good Sir, you have no right to complain; it is only a wonder how your wife can do anything like another woman, when I can witness that she does not get a single hour's rest of a night. It is enough to make any one's head light, spinning as she does from three in the morning till night-fall. Pray let her have her natural rest, and she will no longer make these strange blunders, I will be bound for her. You see how pale and wild she looks!' and the whole company cried out shame on Messer Goosehead. 'She may be in bed till noon, for me,' cried the indignant husband, 'provided she will not salt me, till I am nearly pickled, and preserved—nay, ready for hanging.' Buonamico

and the neighbours, laughing heartily, took themselves off; and, when any undue repetition of the spinning-jenny perplexed him, a new prescription of salt remedied the evil; for Messer Capo d'Oca then insisted on his wife's keeping her bed.

"The next exploit of Buffalmacco shows how far credulity could be carried in a Catholic country, and during the fourteenth century. Calandrino was a man more distinguished at Florence for his excessive *bonhomie* than for his skill as an artist. Such a character offered too strong a temptation to his friends, Bruno and Buffalmacco, to try their favourite art of playing upon the weak points of their companions. Accordingly, they gave our hero to understand that, at a certain spot near Florence, a species of enchanted stones was to be found, which gave their possessor the power of making himself invisible. Instances, they declared, had already occurred in which the invisibles had pocketed a large sum from the bankers without a cheque, and entertained themselves in the first style at a public hotel without ever paying the waiters.

"The simple Calandrino was in raptures, and by the promise of a dinner and half a dozen lacrymæ Christi on their return, induced Bruno and our painter to accompany him. On reaching the spot, Calandrino, having filled his pockets as directed, reproached his friends for their indolence; and, converting his mantle into a bag, he began to fill it also with the precious stones. When he had gathered enough to load an ass, they helped him with it on his shoulders; and, toiling and panting, the poor Calandrino retraced his steps back to Florence. On their way, Bruno, accosting Buffalmacco, suddenly called out, 'What has become of Calandrino?' The other, looking round in great surprise, replied that he was certainly gone. 'I lay you what you please,' exclaimed Buffalmacco in an angry tone, 'that he has gone home, and has made fools of us for our pains.' Calandrino, hearing this assurance of his invisibility, resolved indeed to go home without saying another word to his friends. 'He is a great villain,' exclaimed Bruno, 'for acting in such a way; I have long known him; he has more of the knave than the fool.' 'Were he only here,' returned Buffalmacco, 'I would make him feel;' at the same time hitting the invisible a severe rap on the legs with a stone. 'And so would I,' said Bruno, launching another, which hit Calandrino in the small of the back, who consoled himself, however, for all, with the consciousness of his invisibility."

Michael Angelo.

"When at a loss to account for the author of any invention you happen to admire, an Italian has always a resource in Michael Angelo. An English tourist, praising the plan of some cart-wheels, inquired who was the inventor. Michael Angelo, to be sure, was the reply, else why was he named Buonarroti?"

The Amulet: a Christian and Literary Remembrancer for 1832. Edited by S. C. Hall. Westley & Davis.

THE AMULET! We hold it dangerous to deal in fine names, yet in fine names our Annuals abound. 'The Gem' may be of composition paste or of Bristol stones; 'Friendship's Offering' may be unworthy of being offered to any one; 'The Keepsake' may be so common and so worthless as not to deserve a place in any lady's library; the 'Forget Me Not' may be remembered only for its insipidity; 'The Comic Annuals' may be not at all comic; the 'Winter's Wreath' may be of summer flowers; and the 'Literary Sou-

venir'—but hold! Now, we mean not to say, that these Annuals which we have enumerated, fail to fulfil the expectations of their titles: we have not read them; but when we do so, we hope they will all merit them as much as 'The Amulet.' There is a fourfold charm about this little handsome book. 1st, It is very elegantly bound, and of a lady-like size;—2nd, There is the attraction of poetry from many skilful hands;—3rd, There is the spell of prose from other equally, if not more gifted;—and, 4th, There is the magic influence of some of the sweetest faces we ever beheld.†

This is the season of silk and of gold: our periodical literature puts on this fine array, and comes forth to dazzle criticism in the same manner that a beauteous lady, calling art to the aid of her natural fascinations, descends to the dance or the supper-table, to dazzle and distract the sons of men. Such fascinations are now lost upon us—our years place us beyond the influence of the fopperies of either life or literature; and we are of a nature so surly and suspicious, that, whenever we see a nicely dished out book, or a delicately decked-out lady, we begin to think with the poet of other days,

All is not sweet, all is not sound.

We have, therefore, looked with a scrupulous eye through the 'Amulet,' nothing influenced by its gilded edges and its gallant binding; and, while we find much to praise, we find something to blame, both in the embellishments and in the literature. We dislike the paper 'On the actual State of the Slave Trade':—why should the minds of our youth be filled with images of debasement such as stories of slavery excite? The name of Slavery is enough—we can imagine all the rest; nor wish to pollute our free-born spirits with more:—in other respects, we have no fault to find with the article. Neither is the paper called 'The Gnostics' much to our taste; we have always lamented the ten thousand fragments into which the glorious structure of Christianity is shattered, and surely nothing can be gained by reviving the memory of the wildness and extravagance of some of those early heresies, alike the misery and scandal of the Roman empire, and an insult to the meek, pure doctrines of Christ. Some of the poetry, too, might have been spared; and one or two of the plates. The 'Death of the First Born,' and the 'Death of Euclis' are natural things unnaturally handled: they are both affected, and affectation we abhor. We have read and pondered, and pondered and read, nor can we decide whether we like Miss Landon's prose or poetry best: for here are both, and evidently written with care. Those who admire the free unsolicited readiness of her verse, cannot fail to perceive much of the same character in her prose;—in short we have made up our minds to purchase her three volumes of 'Romance and Reality' the moment they are published, influenced solely by the charms of the prose now before us. We have done with praise as well as censure; the following poems and prose compositions will enable our readers to judge of 'The Amulet':—

† We owe it to Mr. Wilkinson to acknowledge, that since our review of last week, we have seen other copies of the work, and that we think him fairly entitled to Mr. Hall's thanks for the great care in printing the plates.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

BY MISS JEWELRY.

My mother! look not on me now
With that sad earnest eye;
Blame me not, mother, blame not thou
My heart's last wish—to die!
I cannot wrestle with the strife
I once had heart to bear;
And if I yield a youthful life,
Full hath it been of care.
Nay, weep not!—on my brow is set
The age of grief—not years;
Its furrows thou mayst wildly wet,
But ne'er wash out with tears.
And couldst thou see my weary heart,
Too weary ev'n to sigh,
Oh, mother, mother! thou wouldst start,
And say, "I were best to die!"
I know 'tis summer on the earth—
I hear a pleasant tune
Of waters in their chiming mirth—
I feel the breath of June;
The roses through my lattice look,
The bee goes singing by,
The peasant takes his harvest-hook—
Yet, mother, let me die!
There's nothing in this time of flowers
That hath a voice for me—
The whispering leaves, the sunny hours,
The bright, the glad, the free!
There's nothing but thy own deep love,
And that will live on high;
Then, mother! when my heart's above,
Kind mother, let me die!

A DAY OF DISTRESS.

BY MISS MITTFORD.

"It was a glorious June morning; and I got up gay and bright, as the Americans say, to breakfast in the pretty summer-room overlooking the garden, which, built partly for my accommodation and partly for that of my geraniums, who make it their winter residence, is as regularly called the green-house as if I and my several properties—sofas, chairs, tables, chiffonnières, and ottomans—did not inhabit it during the whole of the fine season; or as if it were not in its own person a well-proportioned and spacious apartment, no otherways to be distinguished from common drawing-rooms than by being nearly fronted with glass, about which out-of-door myrtles, passion-flowers, clematis, and the Persian honeysuckle, form a most graceful and varied frame-work, not unlike the festoons of flowers and foliage which one sees round some of the scarce and high-priced tradesmen's cards, and ridotto tickets of Hogarth and Bartolozzi. Large glass folding-doors open into the little garden, almost surrounded by old buildings of the most picturesque form—the buildings themselves partly hidden by clustering vines, and my superb bay-tree, its shining leaves glittering in the sun on one side, whilst a tall pear-tree, garlanded to the very top with an English honeysuckle in full flower, breaks the horizontal line of the low cottage-roof on the other; the very pear-tree being, in its own turn, half concealed by a splendid pyramid of geraniums erected under its shade. Such geraniums! It does not become us poor mortals to be vain—but really, my geraniums! There is certainly nothing but the garden into which Aladdin found his way, and where the fruit was composed of gems, that can compare with them. This pyramid is undoubtedly the great object from the green-house; but the common flower-beds which surround it, filled with roses of all sorts, and lilies of all colours, and pinks of all patterns, and campanulas of all shapes, to say nothing of the innumerable tribes of annuals, of all the outlandish names that ever were invented, are not to be despised even beside the gorgeous exotics, which, arranged with the nicest attention to colour and form, so as to combine the mingled charms of harmony and contrast, seem to look down proudly on their humble compeers.

"No pleasanter place for a summer-breakfast—always a pretty thing, with its cherries, and

strawberries, and its affluence of nosegays and posies—no pleasanter place for a summer breakfast-table than my green-house. And no pleasanter companion, with whom to enjoy it, than the fair friend, as bright as a rose-bud, and as gay as a lark—the saucy, merry, charming Kate, who was waiting to partake our country fare. The birds were singing in the branches; bees, and butterflies, and myriads of gay happy insects were flitting about in the flower-beds; the haymakers were crowding to their light and lively labour in a neighbouring meadow; whilst the pleasant smell of the newly-mown grass blended with that of a bean-field in full blossom still nearer, and with a thousand odours of the garden—so that sight, and sound, and smell, were a rare compound of all that is delightful to the sense and the feeling.

"Nor were higher pleasures wanting. My pretty friend, with all her vivacity, had a keen relish of what is finest in literature and in poetry. An old folio edition of that volume of Dryden called his 'Fables,' which contains the glorious reficements of parts of Chaucer, and the best of his original poems, happened to be on the table; the fine description of Spring in the opening of the Flower and the Leaf, led to the picture of Eden in the Paradise Lost, and that again to Comus, and Comus to Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess, and Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess to Shakespeare, and As You Like It. The bees and the butterflies, culling for pleasure or for thrift the sweets of the geraniums, were but types of Kate Leslie and myself roving amidst the poets. This does not sound much like a day of distress; but the evil is to come.

"A gentle sorrow did arrive, all too soon, in the shape of Kate Leslie's pony-phaeton, which whisked off that charming person as fast as her two long-tailed Arabians could put their feet to the ground. This evil had, however, substantial consolation in the promise of another visit very soon; and I resumed, in peace and quietness, the usual round of idle occupation which forms the morning employment of a country gentleman of small fortune: ordered dinner—minced-veal, cold ham, a currant-pudding, and a salad—if any body happens to be curious on the score of my housekeeping; renewed my beauties; watered such of my plants as wanted most; mended my gloves; patted Dash; looked at the Times; and was just sitting down to work, or to pretend to work, when I was most pleasantly interrupted by the arrival of some morning visitors—friends from a distance—for whom, after a hearty welcome and some cordial chat, I ordered luncheon, with which order my miseries began.

"The keys, if you please ma'am, for the wine and the Kennet ale," said Anne, my female factotum, who rules, as regent, not only the cook and the under-maid and the boy, but the whole family, myself included, and is an actual housekeeper in every respect except that of keeping the keys. "The keys, ma'am, if you please," said Anne; and then I found that my keys were not in my right-hand pocket, where they ought to have been, nor in my left-hand pocket, where they might have been, nor in either of my apron-pockets, nor in my work-basket, nor in my reticule—in short, that my keys were lost!

"Now these keys were only two in number, and small enough in dimensions; but then the one opened that important part of me, my writing-desk; and the other contained within itself the specific power over every lock in the house, being no other than the key of the key-drawer; and no chance of picking them—for alas! the locks were Bramah's! So, after a few exclamations, such as, What can have become of my keys? Has any one seen my keys? Somebody must have run away with my keys!—I recollected that, however consolatory to myself such lamentations might be, they would, by no

means, tend to quench the thirst of my guests. I applied myself vigorously to remedy the evil all I could by sending to my nearest neighbours (for time was pressing, and our horse and his master out for the day) to supply, as well as might be, my deficiency. Accordingly I sent to the public-house for their best beer, which, not being Kennet ale, would not go down; and to the good-humoured wives of the shoemaker and the baker for their best wine. Fancy to yourselves a decanter of damson-wine arriving from one quarter, and a jug of parsnip-wine, fresh from the wood, tapped on purpose from the other! And this for drinkers of Burgundy and Champagne! Luckily the water was good, and my visitors were good-natured, and comforted me in my affliction, and made a jest of the matter. Really they are a nice family, the St. Johns, especially the two young men, to whom I have, they say, taught the taste of spring-water.

"This trouble passed over lightly enough. But scarcely were they gone before the tax-gatherer came for money—locked up in my desk! What will the collector say?—And the justice's clerk for warrants, left under my care by the chairman of the bench, and also safely lodged in the same safe repository. What will their worshipps say to this delinquency? It will be fortunate if they do not issue a warrant against me in my own person! My very purse was left by accident in that unlucky writing-desk; and when our kind neighbours, the Wrights, sent a melon, and I was forced to borrow a shilling to give the messenger, I could bear my loss no longer, and determined to institute a strict search on the instant.

"But before the search could begin, in came the pretty little roly-poly Sydneys and Murrays, brats from seven downwards, with their whole train of nurses, and nursery-maids, and nursery-governesses, by invitation, to eat strawberries; and the strawberries were locked up in a cupboard, the key of which was in the unopenable drawer! And good farmer Brookes, he too called, sent by his honour for a bottle of Holland's—the right Schiedam; and the Schiedam was in the cellar; and the key of the cellar was in the Bramah-locked drawer! And the worthy farmer, who behaved charmingly for a man deprived of his gin, was fain to be content with excuses, like a voter after an election; and the poor children were compelled to put up with promises, like a voter before one; to be sure, they had a few pinks and roses to sweeten their disappointment; but the strawberries were as unobtainable as the Schiedam.

"At last they were gone; and then began the search in good earnest. Every drawer, not locked, every room that could be entered, every box that could be opened, was ransacked over and over again for these intolerable keys.

"All my goods and chattels were flung together in heaps, and then picked over (a process which would make even new things seem disjointed and shabby), and the quantities of trumpery thereby disclosed, especially in the shape of thimbles, needle-cases, pincushions, and scissors, from the different work-baskets, work-boxes, and work-bags (your idle person always abounds in working materials), was astounding. I think there were seventeen pincushions of different patterns—beginning with an old boot and ending with a new guitar. But what was there not? It seemed to me that there were pocketable commodities enough to furnish a second-hand bazaar! Everything was there except my keys.

"For four hours did I and my luckless maidens perambulate the house, whilst John, the boy, examined the garden; until we were all so tired that we were forced to sit down from mere weariness. Saving always the first night of one of my own tragedies, when, though I pique myself on being composed, I can never manage

to sit still; except on such an occasion, I do not think I ever walked so much at one time in my life. At last I flung myself on a sofa in the green-house, and began to revolve the possibility of their being still in the place where I had first missed them.

"A jingle in my apron-pocket afforded some hope, but it turned out to be only the clinking of a pair of garden-scissors against his old companion, a silver pencil-case—and that prospect faded away. A slight opening of Dryden's heavily-bound volume gave another glimmer of sunshine, but it proved to be occasioned by a sprig of myrtle in Palamon and Arcite—Kate Leslie's elegant mark.

"This circumstance recalls the recollection of my pretty friend. Could she have been the culprit? And I began to ponder over all the instances of unconscious key-stealing that I had heard of amongst my acquaintance. How my old friend, Aunt Martha, had been so well known for that propensity as to be regularly sought after when keys were missing; and my young friend, Edward Harley, from the habit of twisting something round his fingers during his eloquent talk (people used to provide another eloquent talker, Madame de Staël, with a willow-twig for the purpose), had once caught up and carried away a key, also a Bramah, belonging to a lawyer's bureau, thereby, as the lawyer affirmed, causing the loss of divers lawsuits to himself and his clients. Neither Aunt Martha nor Edward had been near the place; but Kate Leslie might be equally subject to absent fits, and might, in a paroxysm, have abstracted my keys; at all events it was worth trying. So I wrote her a note to go by post in the evening (for Kate, I grieve to say, lives above twenty miles off) and determined to await her reply, and think no more of my calamity.

"A wise resolution! but, like many other wise resolves, easier made than kept. Even if I could have forgotten my loss, my own household would not have let me.

"The cook, with professional callousness, came to demand sugar for the currant-pudding—and the sugar was in the store-room—and the store-room was locked; and scarcely had I recovered from this shock before Anne came to inform me that there was no oil in the cruet, and that the flask was in the cellar, snugly reposing, I suppose, by the side of the Schiedam, so that if for weariness I could have eaten, there was no dinner to eat—for without the salad who would take the meat? However, I being alone, this signified little; much less than a circumstance of which I was reminded by my note to Kate Leslie, namely, that in my desk were two important letters, one triple, and franked for that very night; as well as a corrected proof-sheet, for which the press was waiting; and that all these despatches were to be sent off by post that evening.

"Roused by this extremity, I carried my troubles and my writing-desk to my good friend the blacksmith—a civil intelligent man, who sympathized with my distress, sighed, shook his head, and uttered the word Bramah!—and I thought my perplexity was nearly at its height, when, as I was wending slowly homeward, my sorrows were brought to a climax by my being overtaken by one of the friends whom I admire and honour most in the world—a person whom all the world admires—who told me in her prettiest way, that she was glad to see me so near my own gate, for that she was coming to drink tea with me.

"Here was a calamity! The Lady Mary H., a professed tea-drinker—a green-tea-drinker, one (it was a point of sympathy between us) who took nothing but tea and water, and, therefore, required that gentle and lady-like stimulant in full perfection. Lady Mary come to drink tea with me; and I with nothing better

to offer her than tea from the shop—the village-shop—bohea, or souchong, or whatever they might call the vile mixture! Tea from the shop for Lady Mary! Ill luck could go no further: it was the very extremity of small distress.

"Her ladyship is, however, as kind as she is charming, and bore our mutual misfortune with great fortitude; admired my garden, praised my geraniums, and tried to make me forget my calamity. Her kindness was thrown away. I could not even laugh at myself, or find beauty in my flowers, or be pleased with her for flattering them. I tried, however, to do the honours by my plants; and, in placing a large night-scented stock, which was just beginning to emit its odour, upon the table, I struck against the edge, and found something hard under my belt.

"My keys! my keys!" cried I, untying the ribbon, as I heard a most pleasant jingle on the floor; and the lost keys, sure enough, they were; deposited there, of course by my own hand; unfelt, unseen, and unsuspected, during our long and weary search. Since the adventure of my dear friend, Mrs. S., who hunted a whole morning for her spectacles whilst they were comfortably perched upon her nose, I have met with nothing so silly and so perplexing.

"But my troubles were over—my affliction was at an end.

"The strawberries were sent to the dear little girls; and the Schiedam to the good farmer; and the warrants to the clerk. The tax-gatherer called for his money; letters and proofs went to the post; and never in my life did I enjoy a cup of Twining's green tea so much as the one which Lady Mary and I took together after my day of distress."

THE POET'S LANDSCAPE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

'Twas in the Eighteen hundred year
Of Christ and thirty-one,
I climbed up Eildon's cloven hill—
I climbed it not alone.
I stood on Eildon's cloven hill,
And looked on Eildon tree:
Fair Melrose rose, and old Tweed ran,
And broom bloomed fair to see;
On Cowden-knowes and Chiefswood burn
The sunlight loved to tarry,
Where minstrel Thomas dwelt of yore,
And wooed the Queen of Faery.
Oh, fair, in ancient song and tale,
These places shine like lamour!—
But now another recreer's flang
O'er them a brighter glamour.
Magician Michael stood and cleft
This lofty hill in three;
Unloosed the Tweed, and rode the fiend
Unbridled through the sea.
Red Douglas filled up Ancrum burn
With blood between its banks;
And Lesley on sad Philiphaugh
Trod o'er the long-haired ranks.
A poet sat on Cowden-knowes,
And one on Galla-water,
And sung such songs as long have cheered
Wife, husband, son, and daughter:
But Rymer's harp, Magician's wand,
The doughty Douglas' sword,
Are things forgotten when we look
On thee, fair Abbotsford!
'Tis sweet to stand and look around
O'er Scotland's pastoral clime,
And mark the sacred spots which thus
Have triumphed over time.
In every vale there shines a light,
On every hill a halo;
And stream and river flow in song,
The Ettrick, Tweed, and Galla.
Harps seem to sound from every tree,
Sweet voices rise around,
A poet's tongue's in every stone,
For all is charmed ground.
Tweed had enough—more than enough—
Of poet's tale and story;
But one more bright than all is come,
And dimmed them in his glory.
By crystal Nith I roved of late,
And eke by haunted Ae,
And Clouden fair, and Annan clear,
Beneath her broomy tree;
And silver Moffat, rushing swift
As ere did outlaw's arrow;—
Oh! each fair name is nought to fame,
Compared to Tweed and Yarrow,

Or Ettrick, which the twin-lambs love,
Or that stream where the pleasant
And gallant men of Teviot live,
And hunt the roe and pheasant.
Oh! they have Wit where'er they wish,
And Fancy when they want her,
For they dwell aye in Abbotsford,
With Scotland's chief enchanter.

A pilgrim, far o'er hill and dale,
And many a lonely glen,
I journeyed, 'twas no god to see,
But Him, the first of men.
There he was musing, where the Tweed
Ran broad, and deep, and clear;
I went in reverence and in awe,
As men approach a seer.
The sparkling eye, the grasp of joy,
The brightness of that brow!—
I saw thee, and I felt thee then,
And I do feel thee now.

Aside thee sat thy daughters twain,
In calm and glad contentment;
I stooped my head in Abbotsford,
And owned a new enchantment.
Oh! some write rhymes for glittering gold,
Which Fancy's flight encumbers;
And some for woman's love; and some
To soothe them with sweet numbers;
Some sing the dark long winter through,
To charm the hours of dulness;—
But I pour out this rhyme to ease
My glad heart in its fulness.
The rain is kindly to the corn,
The blossom to the bee,
The sunshine to the flowers,—but thou
Hast been far more to me.
The rain shall harm the parching corn,
The sunshine bring on blindness,
The blossom fail to feed the bee,
When I forget thy kindness.

We must conclude our quotations, and we are sorry for it, inasmuch as we have left some of the best papers in the volume untouched.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, for 1832.

Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. Westley & Davis.

We wish we were young again—not that we could hope unassisted to amend our life and improve our conversation, but from a desire to put our unprotected head under Mrs. Hall's considerate wing, and grow in strength and stature in her society. She is the best monitor we ever remember having met withal: she shakes no armed hand; puts on no awful looks; uses no terrible words: but with a mild voice and a benign aspect, solicits and wins youth into the way in which it should walk. We say again, we wish ourselves young: she would not lend our innocence into danger, as her own black hen (page 181) clucked her offspring into the mouth of the cub fox, but would with gentle admonition and quiet example rear us up, and make us meek-spirited and slow to wrath—in short, render us unfit for the ungentle craft of criticism, and turn us into pastoral poets, or some such sweet-spirited beings, that we might sing of brooks, and birds, and bees, in music rivaling their own. With a good head, a good heart, and a clear conscience, Mrs. Hall commences working on her little annual, and though she summons friends both of fame and name to her help, and they all come readily, it cannot be concealed that she is by far the best contributor herself. Now, we hope that neither Miss Landon, nor Miss Leslie, nor Miss Hill, nor Miss Jewsbury, who have each, according to their peculiar spirit, aided in making this instructive and pretty volume, will imagine we slight their merits in preferring those of the editress, nor look in one another's faces and titter to hear a man of sixty years or so prefer Mrs. to Miss. In fact, we are Utilitarians, and admiring, as we do, the many members of the wide school of usefulness, prefer the precepts of an experienced dame to all the

theories which slender tender Misses can urge in either verse or prose. They may sing to please—but Lord deliver us from danger when handsome and blooming young ladies take upon them the task of instruction.

By far the best thing in the volume is Mrs. Hall's anecdotes of birds—they are simply and graphically related, and make us acquainted too with the characters and habits of the birds to which they refer. The whole is too long for quotation—but as there is no story, but a string of curious facts, we shall untie a few of these pearls.

The Eagle.

"I shall, then, introduce to your notice the eagle, a bird of the *first* or *rapacious* class, so called because they prey upon flesh of all kinds. It consists of many varieties—the most prominent of which are the golden eagle, 'with his eye of light'—the conder, of whom so many wonders are told in fairy tale—the unseemly and rapacious vulture—the gallant falcon, which, in the olden days, afforded such gay pastime to lords and ladies—the midnight owl—and the small butcher-bird. The great sea-eagle is only inferior in size to the golden eagle: as its name implies, it resides near the sea, although its eyrie, or nest, is generally constructed in the loftiest tree it can discover in the vicinity of ocean; there it builds a very broad habitation, and lays in it two eggs. I remember a pair of these birds who had inhabited, time out of mind, an old tree in my neighbourhood; I have often gazed up with wonder at the immense mass which their nest appeared as it rested on the topmost and blighted boughs of this denizen of the woods; and I recollect well the heavy sailing flights of its inmates returning to their home. The peasants there used to assert that they fished more in the night than in the day, and I perceive that naturalists generally agree in the opinion that they certainly collect food when others of the species sleep. I often lamented the fate of those birds: latterly, perhaps from their age, which must have been extreme, they became heavy and lazy—so lazy that they debased their noble nature by condescending to petty pillage that would have disgraced a common kite, and the peasants were continually suffering from their ungenerous system. They seldom visited the sea-shore, but we betide even an unfortunate chicken that crossed their path; What was to be done? Many projects were talked about, but, with the dilatoriness peculiar to my country-folk, none were put in execution; everybody respected the eagles. Our gardener, Peter, was ordered to prime and load his musket, and fire on the old lady the first time she intruded herself into the company of our goslings. She was a magnificent bird, and, as is usual with females of the rapacious tribe, half as large again as her husband. 'Look at her,' replied Peter, as she sailed in the distance, the deep blue of a summer sky throwing her expanded wings and majestic movements into strong relief. 'Look at her, master! I remember that *old* lass ever since I was the height of a raspberry plant; and I couldn't find it in my heart to hurt a feather of her wing—the craythur! What signifies a dozen of goslings to such a bird as that?—won't there be plenty o'geese of all sorts when she's gone? But my father before me used to say, Peter, says he, mark my words—they 'll be the last o' the rale ancient Irish eagles that 'll ever settle in the barony—for they've a mortal hatred to new fashions, and prefer, by a great dale, an open country, where there's a free trade, and no revenue-officers, or anything that way;—you understand, sir;—but as to killing her—I'd as soon think o' killing the priest!'

"This was the climax!—Peter's determination was taken; but, as goslings were again destroyed, and, unfortunately, in an unlucky mo-

ment the rapacious bird took a fancy to a beautiful pea-hen, who was brooding over her eggs in a retired copse, it was absolutely determined that, as it would be a species of sacrilege to destroy the birds, the old tree, so long their domicile, should be cut down; and it was conjectured that they would, on receiving so marked an insult, proudly resolve to quit the neighbourhood altogether. The result proved that our anticipations were correct. When they returned at night, and saw the dwelling of ages scattered on the ground, they circled and circled over it, uttering, from time to time, screams both shrill and plaintive. In the morning they were nowhere to be found, and we could only conjecture that they had retired to some of the islet bays, with which that part of the coast abounds.

"I once saw a poor Irishman, who assured me that he had robbed an eagle's nest, at Killarney, of a fine young lamb, which kept his family in fresh meat (a luxury they were quite unaccustomed to) for more than a week! He was not as clever, though, as a man we read of in 'Smith's History of Kerry,' who got a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a summer of fearful famine, out of an eagle's nest, by robbing the eaglets of their food, which was plentifully supplied by the old ones; he protracted their assiduity beyond the usual time, by clipping the wings and retarding the flight of the young. We may call the eagle the lion of the air: like that noble animal he is solitary in his habits, lonely in his magnificence, disdaining all the attributes of royalty, except its power—in that he triumphs. How good and wise is Providence in all its ways! Were carnivorous birds as numerous as others, how soon all the humbler tenants of the air, and the helpless, but beautiful and gentle, creatures of the woods and wilds would be destroyed!"

The Owl.

"Have you ever been terrified at night by the hooting of the midnight owl? Or have you ever been near enough to one to examine its peculiar eyes—the distinguishing mark of the tribe? They are wisely formed for seeing better in the dusk than in the broad glare of sunshine, because they take their prey at night. I wish you particularly to observe that, in the eyes of all creatures, nature has made a provision either to shut out too much light, or to admit what is necessary, by the contraction and dilatation of what is termed the pupil. In these birds the pupil is capable of opening very wide or shutting very close. By contracting the pupil, the light, which would act too powerfully on the sensibility of what is termed the retina, is excluded; by dilating the pupil, the animal takes in the more faint rays of light, and thereby is enabled to spy its prey, and catch it with greater facility, in the dark."

Poultry.

"The second class consists of BIRDS OF THE POULTRY KIND—those excellent and domestic things to whom we are indebted for so many comforts—so many luxuries. The gaudy peacock—the speckled guinea-hen, who proclaims every coming shower in loud and shrill announcement—the graceful pheasant—the inflated turkey-cock, that dread of bold children and beggars—the gentle partridge—and others 'too numerous to mention'—all belong to this useful family: but, much as I admire the beautiful peacock and his gentle lady-like mother and wives, I confess that my friendship and esteem centre in common barn-door fowl. I had once a favourite black hen—'a great beauty,' she was called by every one, and so I thought her; her feathers were so jetty, and her topping so white and full!—she knew my voice as well as any dog, and used to run cackling and bustling to my hand to receive the crumbs that I never failed to collect from the breakfast-table for 'Yarico'—so she was called. Yarico, when

about a year old, brought forth a respectable family of chickens—little, cowering, timid things at first, but in due time they became fine chubby ones; and old Norna, the hen-wife, said, 'If I could only keep Yarico out of the copse it would do, but the copse is full of weazels, and I am sure of foxes also. I have driven her back twenty times, but she watches till some one goes out of the gate, and then she's off again; it's always the way with young hens, miss—they think they know better than their keepers; and nothing cures them but losing a brood or two of chickens.' I have often thought, since, that young people, as well as young hens, buy their experience equally dear. One morning I went with my crumbs to seek out my favourite, in the poultry-yard; plenty of hens were there, but no Yarico; the gate was open, and, as I concluded she had sought the forbidden copse, I proceeded there, accompanied by the yard-mastiff, a noble fellow, steady and sagacious as a judge: at the end of a ragged lane, flanked on one side by a quickset hedge, on the other by a wild common, what was called the copse commenced; but before I arrived near the spot I heard a loud and tremendous cackling, and met two young long-legged pullets running with both wings and feet towards home. Jock pricked up his sharp ears, and would have set off at full gallop to the copse, but I restrained him, hastening onward, however, at the top of my speed, thinking that I had as good a right to see what was the matter as Jock.

"Poor Yarico! An impertinent fox-cub had attempted to carry off one of her children, but she had managed to get them behind her in the hedge, and venturing boldly forth had placed herself in front, and positively kept the impudent animal at bay; his desire for plunder had prevented his noticing our approach, and Jock soon made him feel the superiority of an English mastiff over a cub-fox.

"The most interesting portion of my tale is to come. Yarico not only never afterwards ventured to the copse, but formed a strong friendship for the dog who preserved her family. Whenever he appeared in the yard she would run to meet him, prating and clucking all the time, and impeding his progress by walking between his legs, to his no small annoyance. If any other dog entered the yard, she would fly at him most furiously, thinking, perhaps, that he would injure her chickens; but she evidently considered Jock her especial protector, and treated him accordingly. It was very droll to see the peculiar look with which he regarded his feathered friend, not exactly knowing what to make of her civilities, and doubting how they should be received. When her family were educated and able to do without her care, she was a frequent visitor at Jock's kennel, and would, if permitted, roost there at night, instead of returning with the rest of the poultry to the hen-house. Yarico certainly was a most grateful and interesting bird.

"I wish the silver pheasant were introduced into our poultry-yards. It is a most graceful, beautiful bird, originally imported from China; more easily tamed than the common pheasant, and bearing our climate well. Its eggs are rather small, but well-flavoured. * * The lady is not as handsome as the gentleman, but then she makes up for this deficiency by being gentle and amiable: these qualities more than compensate (in the opinion of her intimate friends,) for her lack of personal beauty.

"What amusement feeding poultry affords young folk in the country!—how pleasing it is to see them run after the little lady or gentleman, who, basket on arm, showers upon them the 'golden grain!'—the duck's quack, the hen's cackle, the guinea-fowl's deep and peculiar note, the 'gee-gee' of the respectable geese, and the gentle treble of the pea-hens, as they stride

forward, attended by their stately lord, whose magnificent tail seems as much in his own, and the way of others, as a young lady's train on her first presentation at court.

"Most children say that the peacock thinks his ugly legs spoil his appearance; they are black and thick, I confess, and do not correspond with his beautiful tail; but they are strong useful props, for all that, as the following anecdote will testify, and therefore must not be despised. A fine full-grown peacock was seen upon a half-finished hay-stack in the Wottingham meadows. The owner of the stack did not like the bird to remain there, and sent up his son, a little boy, to drive him down; he, in so doing, took hold of the bird's legs, which no sooner perceived itself seized in this manner, than it spread out its wings and flew away, carrying the boy with it, like an immense tail to a kite, and so conveyed him to a considerable distance—unhurt and undismayed!

"This 'pretty picture,'† to use a nursery phrase, will give my little friends an idea of the manner in which wild turkeys are caught in the American woods. * * Mr. Audubon, to whom we are indebted for so much knowledge respecting American ornithology, has, in his beautiful work, given magnificent figures of the wild turkey. It is a most splendid bird, much superior to our gobbling acquaintances of England. M. Buonaparte relates, that a gentleman in West Chester country, New York, had once a young female wild turkey domesticated among his poultry. She disappeared, but returned in the autumn, followed by a large brood, and remained on the farm till the renewal of spring, when she again disappeared; but again came back in autumn, with a second brood. You see she wished her young ones to be comfortably provided for!

"The wild partridge is a most excellent parent, and is more sagacious than most birds of the poultry kind. As they live in the very neighbourhood of their enemies, nature has given them talent superior to birds of the larger kind—another proof of the wisdom of God. Whenever a dog approaches their nest, the female uses every means to draw him away. She keeps just before him, pretends to be incapable of flying, just hops up, and then falls down before him; but never goes off so far as to discourage her pursuer. At length, when she has drawn him entirely away from her secret treasure, she at once takes wing, and fairly leaves him to gaze after her in despair. When the danger is over, and the dog withdrawn, she then calls her young, who, like good children, assemble at once at her cry, and obediently follow where she leads them. Goldsmith, in his *Animated Nature*, asserts that those birds cannot be tamed; but I believe there are very few created things that cannot be subdued by kindness. A mower in the country accidentally cut off the head of a poor partridge, who was sitting on her nest. He brought me six of the eggs, and I prevailed on Norna to place them under a sitting hen. In due time we had five young ones, three of whom lived to be full-grown birds; and, though permitted to ramble in the domain, always came to the poultry-yard for their food, and were quite as tame as domestic fowls in general."

Our quotations have now run to the full extent even of our extra sheet, and we must therefore conclude; but our young friends shall certainly have a few more extracts from these pleasant anecdotes.

† Referring to one of the engravings—the little illustrative wood-cuts to this article are the vignettes to the 'Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society'—a work we never lose an opportunity of commending as one of the most beautiful ever published.